VOLUME 24 NUMBER 9

KNAVE

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SOME LIKE IT HOT

AIDS in THAILAND- is it safe to BANGKOK?

EROTICA 2000 – The Convention They TRIED TO BAN

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see every inch of it. His cock twitched, and we just held it like that sublimely; before parting.

Celia, of course, did spill the beans. Tom though was sheepish about getting so drunk and abandoning me. So as a compromise we agreed that I could go on dating Robert. Tom told Celia it was a special arrangement, we often did it! You should have seen her face. One last note though – one of my randy lovers got me good and pregnant that night. Tom is keen on a kid, so it's all fine, no matter what Celia will think!

– A., East Anglia.

Cock Worship

I was having a quiet piss alongside a group of gents in the local recently and as I glanced along the row on dangling penises (or should it be penii?) it struck me how little we really appreciate this bit of elastic skin.

In the Eastern world they have long realised its importance in the order of things. The phallic symbol is worshiped by many faiths, particularly in India where temples and statues are plentifully adorned with models of pricks in varied states of rampant exhibition. There used to be a caste of a beggar who earned his living displaying a weighty knob for admiration.

I am not suggesting we Westerners adopt such extreme measures to show praise for John Thomas, for one thing I suppose the Arch Bishop of Canterbury would frown on adding a set of erect phalluses to those leering gargoyles which adorn many cathedrals, yet on consideration it would certainly emphasise their ardent meaning. However, I think a little more time should be given to the study of Prick Culture. After all, this is what it's all about.

For example, you could show appreciation by holding a special christening ceremony and giving him a name in his own rights.

Dipped in a glass of

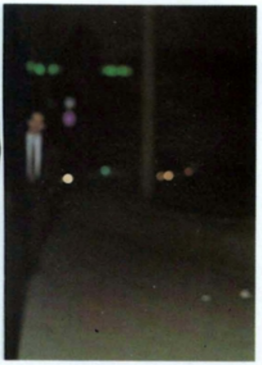
R I C K Y

Imagine, if you will, a lazy Sunday morning. You wake up with a mouthful of old spit and a pounding in your head. Your stubble has torn up your pillow and there are bits of down up your nose. Slowly, you roll over and catch a faceful of blonde hair. What, who? Did I really get lucky last night? Yes you did, and here's Ricky to prove it, looking better in your pyjamas than you ever did. You smile a wicked, smug grin. Yes, she was all yours last night, but you can't remember it because you had a couple or three shandys too many. And you don't find out that she slept on your sofa until the pictures are printed. I'm not suggesting that this scenario might've happened to anyone in real life, of course, but to our Editor, Mr Spenser, it may sound familiar...

Photographed by JACK HARRISON

Photographs by MRA

Jessica



Although she lives in Scandinavia now, before she moved, Jessica was a top notch banjo player, and used to tour the clubs doing impressions of George Formby and billing herself as 'Booby Barbie's Bouncing Banjos'. Now, of course, all that's behind her, and she's put down the old banjo in favour of shaking her maraccas at passers-by on the streets of Finland. I think it's important for everyone to have a hobby, especially when they're as interesting as Jessie's.

his head. "This one isn't working either," I said.

"Every one has been sabotaged. I give up," he murmured.

"They're closed up with a little metal hymen," I offered. He smiled at that, and looked tall, and attractive.

JOKER

What are the three words wives fear most while making love? "Darling, I'm home."

◆

What do you call a WPC that shaves her pussy? Cunt-stubble.

◆

Why did Humpty Dumpty push his girlfriend off the wall? Because he wanted to see her crack.

◆

What do you call the offspring of a prostitute? A brothel sprout.

JOKER

His eyes took me in. It was so hot I wasn't wearing much, a tall pair of sandals, panties glued to my crotch, a short white skirt and a top (no bra). My nipples were trying to protrude through. He was shy and I suggested going for a drink. "Love to," he gushed and I got the feeling he'd never spoken to a young woman who looked like me before.

He was a mature student doing a science degree and buying a house with a number of odd balls. Over his second pint of iced lager, he went into raptures about his garden. Not having had a man's company for a couple of days, my dearest wish was to pull up my skirt hem and feel the weight of his uncompromising cock. I just smiled and nodded as he went on and I thought about sex. "Would you like to see my garden?" he asked.

I touched his arm and told him that was a nice idea. He was cautious and I was

KAREN

Would you believe that we were the first people to print pix of Karen, back in Vol. 22 No. 7? That was ages ago, and since then, she's been a busy girl. You might have seen her in Vol. 24 No. 1 in our piece on Ernie Taylor, one of the top hard-core snappers around. Now what Karen was doing there, I really couldn't say, although we'll allow you to ponder on that one! Since these pix were taken, the titty fairy has been to visit Karen, too. That's one busy fairy. Anyway, we are pleased to report that Karen's breasts are little short of stunning, and we hope to have an in-depth look at them soon...

Photographed by GEOFF HOWES

NICKY

I don't know if you've noticed, but Nicky is trying to get a subliminal message across to you. Something to do with pearl necklaces. At the moment I'm having trouble working out if she wants the genuine article, or a man-made, cultured string. If any of you have firm ideas on the matter, or think you know where you can get hold of a pearl necklace for Nicky, please drop us a line. Our mail box is open to all comers...

Photographed by HUEY LOUIS

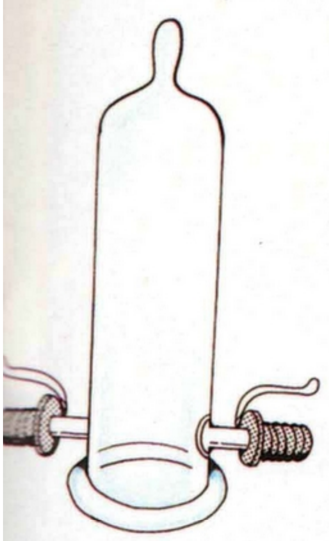
STACEY
KNAVE

STACEY

Stacey is a saucy little lettuce shaker, and no mistake. She had snapper Frank Lee reeling when she popped her bra off to reveal not one, but two lovely breasty-dumplings. Y'see, Frank's a boob man, and has been on at us for ages to get someone like Stacey in for him to shoot. So once the necessary currency, free gifts and sexual favours had been exchanged, we had to deliver. Even if it did mean the Editor holding exhaustive casting sessions in a nearby hotel to find the perfect girl...

If you'd like to get hold of the luscious Stacey - well, unpublished photos of her, at least - then check out the Buy Your Own Knave Girls advert in our Classified section.

Photographed by FRANK LEE



Yet, sex was probably a million miles away from this buxom dame's mind, or so I thought!

She was pleasant to chat with and whilst I worked on the lounge floor carpet she offered me a cup of coffee, allowing me to glimpse her exquisite calves in dark nylons above her heeled shoes. Naturally, my erection began to harden even more and by the time she'd returned with two cups of coffee, I'd finished repairing my job.

We both sat on her velvet settee and I could sense this gorgeous sexy lady wanted to keep me to herself for a bit longer, her brown eyes burning into me whilst we chatted. Naturally I felt my erection stretch upwards in my pants and I shuffled around a little to hide my embarrassment. 'Madam' soon sensed that I was excited 'down below' and she leant closer to me and gave me a full kiss, allowing herself a gentle pressing of the palm on my crotch. "Mmm," she murmured and suddenly lowered the flies on my jeans to explore my briefs with her deft fingers. I found myself wanting this gorgeous lady, so I gently nudged her breast a little and teased her in return with my hand. "Ooh, you're a devil for a bit, aren't you!" she stated with a saucy grin and squeezed my full length bone-on. "Do you fancy me then?" she asked.

JUDITH

Since her outing in stainless steel pants in Vol. 24 No. 7, Judith has received quite a bit of fan mail, and we thought it was only fair to bring her back for a second showing. The scene is the day of Judith's proposed marraige to our Editor, but unfortunately, his girlfriend found out and he was forced to jilt Jude at the altar. So despondent was our girl that she began to remove her wedding dress in disgust. Eagle-eyed wedding guest and photographer Geoff Howes, meanwhile, unable to picture the happy couple together, what with the Ed. being in Essex County Hospital having his bits sewn back on, snapped a few frames for our album. But it wasn't exploitative, honestly it wasn't...

Photographed by GEOFF HOWES

TAYLOR

Winner of a blue movie industry award for Best Newcomer, Taylor Wayne here might be familiar to some of our regular readers. Before hitting LA and the skin flick scene, our Taylor was better known as Joanna and, with slightly smaller breasts, graced the pages of our *Leather Lovers Special* under the monicker Christine, as you can see from our insert. Now, with an improved bust, and a real talent for acting, Taylor is wowing them Stateside. Shame we can't get to see her performances over here in their uncut form, but them's the rules. The country might be going to the dogs, but at least our girls are still true blue.

Photographed by ALBERT HALL

Photographed by HUEY LOUIS

LORRAINE

There are some blokes here who can't help drooling when they see a tan line as good as Lorraine's. That little line of creamy skin that cuts over the hips and highlights all those soft, moist parts that no amount of lager can ever reach. Perhaps it's those pale orbs that lead us hard working professionals into temptation, or maybe we're all just girl-crazy pussy hounds with nothing better to do all day than sniff around some of the young ladies that pop into the studio and pop out of their clothes. Only you, the readers, can decide. Answers on a postcard, marked, The Ed's Begging For It, to the usual address...

SUNNY

Photographed by ULF STJERNBO

Here's young Sunny, the Aussie porn star we interviewed in Vol. 24 No. 4. These pictures were shot by our chum Ulf in Sweden, in between Sunny's blue movie assignments. Have you noticed how many skin flick stars are in this issue? Has the boss been staying up late at night watching lewd material on his goggle box, or is it all pure coincidence? In her interview, Sunny candidly told us that her best technique was cock sucking, and that she didn't mind at all if someone came in her face, provided they miss her eyes, 'cos it stings like hell. Now, if you can read that, look at these pictures and still operate heavy machinery without loosing your concentration, you're a better man than I and obviously in need of some sort of counselling!

JULIE

Hey, it's Julie from the cover of Vol. 24 No. 6! I don't remember seeing her come into the building! Why didn't anyone tell me? What do you mean I was out that day having a boozy editorial lunch again? That's a vile aspersion and I resemble that remark! When she came in, did she ask about me at all, where I was, how I was getting on? What, not at all? Damn! Shit! Oh...she had her boyfriend with her...the really tall guy, the one who taught Arnie how to lift weights...well, that's all right then. No, no, I don't have a 'thing' for her. I just wanted to make sure she was okay...nothing personal at all...he's a really nice bloke, too. Big in a kind of massive way...yup, nice guy...no, don't worry about sending those flowers to her...

Photographed by JACK HARRISON

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK LEE

◆5

half cut and boringly jawing on about work when Winston asked me to dance. Tom gave me a wink which meant 'tease the cock off him!' and returned to his drink. Tom was like that, he paid a fortune to see me dress posh, and make other cocks ache. On this occasion though, a short and very smoochy dance, led me to Robert and then on to a very sexy conversation about women and men. Tom, meanwhile, was getting rather obviously blotto.

The invite to view the red sports car was only a thinly veiled request to fuck. I knew that – but they made me feel so hot, I just accepted. The car was Robert's, a sleek and curvy example of that sort of confident new world motor. They teased me, suggesting I pose across it and eyeing their handsome bulging crotches I felt compelled to oblige. I'd never fucked with two men before, never with a stranger. I'd never dared turn teasing into fucking, and so close to Tom – but I wanted to now.

Draping myself against the supple leather upholstery, the gleaming chrome and the bright red paint of the body work, I felt so bloody wanton. I showed fleeting hints of my stocking tops (lounging over the bonnet) and even placed the gear shift between my compliant thighs. Winston was taking photos, and when he spontaneously said, "Finger your hole Alex; show us how a lady does it!" I was hot and ready enough to do it. A leg went over the car door, my panties got eased off and I started to dart my fingers in and out of my crotch-ladelling the lady come onto that leather seat. "Will you both fuck me, or shall I just go with Robert because it's his car?" I murmured, turning myself on far, far too quickly. Robert said I should fuck with Winston first. Because he was nicely endowed and because Robert wanted the pics of me taking southern cock against the red roadster.

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY BREAK GLASS
WinG

The door to the disco opened periodically as I arranged myself, doggy fashion against the car wing. People were leaving the bash and could easily have seen the servicing I was about to undergo. Winston wasn't just 'nice', he was knobbly and gigantic! I literally gulped, and shook, as he fed his cock into my juicy wet slit. "She's good and tight!" he noted, as it quickly slid home. Robert was clicking the pics. He captured my rocking and the bumping thrusts of his mate's rutting of me. I was full of the most gorgeous cock, and the first wads of his sticky spunk when Celia passed by. She's a friend of Tom and mine, and her catty, very jealous look, told me he'd hear about my infidelity. Even as she walked on through, Winston was unloading his cock and Robert was taking over. My fanny was about to become a glove-snug fit for his rod, and I couldn't have said no, whatever Celia thought! As his tool burrowed into me, I felt his hands grip my hips. One slid down, seeking out my clit, and I let him roll it against his finger and thumb as his cock danced in and out of me. I'd never come off on Winston, but I wanted to on Robert. He and his car were just so flash. So I'd held it, just. Now though the surge of wet, slutty feelings overwhelmed me, and I pushed my bottom against him, offering it as a pad to fuck ever so hard against!

Stepping up a gear was no problem. It must have been a blur, the way it licked in and out of me. "Oh yes, what a prick, that's it, rub my clit!" I begged and began to pant, yes pant, getting my breathing to handle the extended climax I was well into. As Robert came off, I shook all over. It was hooting up me, so thick it felt as tacky as toothpaste! I gyrated my naked backside, the skirt hitched so he could

WELL, I Never Did!

There are only five calories in the average ejaculation.

During Franco's reign in Spain, dogs were used to smuggle condoms much sought after – from North Africa to Spain. Naturally, this was before tourism...

JOKER

What do prostitutes and buses have in common? Everyone has to pay to get on.

◆

What's the similarity between an ice-cream and a hooker? Everybody gets a lick.

◆

What's harder than getting six pregnant women in a Volkswagen? Getting six women pregnant in a Volkswagen.

◆

Did you hear about the fool who waited all night outside a brothel? He was waiting for the red light to turn to green.

JOKER

PENPOWER PLUS

Thrusting, sweating and spurting - the raw ingredients of PENPOWER PLUS. And when we say raw, we mean it! This is your chance to get your latest or greatest sexual adventure in print. We pay £5 for every letter printed, and an enormous throbbing £50 for our letter of the month. All the letters are genuine, and the only things we change are names and locations in order to preserve anonymity, so stop what you're doing and get writing to:

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Sniff The Dirt

I'm a painter and decorator by trade, but if there's one job I really hate, it's wallpapering, especially in an occupied house. It's almost impossible to avoid marking carpets and furniture in the process of stripping and pasting, so I was very reluctant to take on a job in Bridgend last week - repapering a bedroom with pure wool, pale cream carpets. However, the lady of the house was a real charmer called Rebecca and offered to pay cash up front - which no working man can decline in the depths of a recession.

It took me two days to strip the old paper and prepare the surfaces. I took a breather mid-afternoon and was sipping a cup of coffee from my flask when curiosity got the better of me and I chanced a look in Milady's laundry basket, beside her bed. On the top of the dirty washing pile was a pair of really kinky, black, silk panties, hardly big enough to cover a postage stamp, let alone a mature woman's cunt.

As I played around with this gorgeous lady's scanties, my imagination went into overdrive. How did she look when she was wearing them and nothing else? Did she wear them just for sex, to turn her old man on? Did he pull them down before shagging her, or did he simply yank them aside and push on in? Next thing I knew, I had a serious hard on. I clamped the soiled panties to my face, closing my eyes and inhaling deeply. God, you darling, darling upper class cunt, you!

When I opened my eyes, the owner of the said lingerie was standing in the bedroom doorway. Never, ever in my long, wretched life have I felt such a complete and utter doughnut...

"Well?" she said, cool as a cucumber, "do they go in the washing machine, or are you going to lick them clean?"

I blushed like a girl and mumbled apologies, wishing I could crawl away and hide under a rock; or die; or demineralise.

"Don't worry," she said, like she wanted to put me out of my misery, "I get pretty frustrated sometimes, too. Would you like me to come and suck you off? You can't fuck me because that would be adultery and that would never do!"

Talk about being let off lightly! This gorgeous Swansea housewife got down on her knees, unzipped my overalls and started sucking my cock, leaving her lipstick all over my shaft and dripping saliva all over the shop. I grabbed the swell of her tits, but she slapped my hands away.

"Hands off!" she scolded me, "if you want some added stimulus, then sniff my knickers."

And so, with this elegant lady's lips wrapped around my cock and her soiled knick-knicks under my nose, I came a thick stream of spunk full in her mouth - which she gracefully spat out all over my overalls. Say what you like about these Sloane Rangers - they've got real class.

- C., Wales

Dirty Bitch

I can't imagine you publishing my sort of candid cynical views but I thought my experience is horny enough, so here goes.

You see, I reckon there's a lot of girls out there who really cream off best when they're being an utter bitch to their boyfriend. The thought of taking another bloke's cock, making their chap compete for pussy, fucking or flirting virtually under his nose is just as much a part of some ladies' sex drives, as it is for some of the rogue males like me! The sort of bird I mean is usually a stunner to look at. She wears clothes in a way that says 'I love my body - so why don't you?' The guys they adore are the 'who dares wins' type. You won't get a plea for bedding, just a subtle look that says, 'you wouldn't finger me whilst Paul's still in the house - would you?'!

Gail was that sort of exciting type. I met Gail and her husband , Michael at a wine tasting weekend. It was that sort of sniff and snob class - you know, how to impress with your next dinner party. We'd drunk a great deal as well as spat a lot out (what a waste), and I got to chatting with her in a corridor of the big old house that was the weekend venue. I frankly told her she looked brilliant in the tight little white dress, and her stockings were just right for a leggy sophisticate. The smile said that lots of men had worshipped her sexy form, but we didn't need words after that. I led her upstairs to the landing, and got her to bend over this large blanket box. Her hemline hitched up to reveal stocking tops, white lacy suspenders and a hot, welcoming quim. It was outrageous, but I got my stiff todger out, and slid it up her hole as sweet as a nut. We fucked for perhaps five minutes only, there in that public place, and I spunked her good and hard, bashing my groin against her peachy buttocks. Right then Gail didn't come off, but I could see her doing it quietly later, flirting with me in front of Michael, until we got together later that night, and fucked on the summer lawn out back.

I reckon it's got to be possible then. I've fingered lot of birds on disco floors, feet away from their other halves. I've left cards with them and been invited to pop around for a proper fuck later. Some even ask me whether I want them to tell their old man, to put him on screwing rations! Still, there's a lot of letters that confirm that sort of thing isn't there.

- W., London.

Snug Fit

What I'm about to confess isn't very loyal to my husband, or to British manhood, but then I suspect your readers are connoisseurs of good sex rather than fuddy attitudes. It concerns two American officers and a very smart red Corvette sports car.

My name's Alex and I'm a honey blonde, with freckles, soft blue eyes and the sensuous sort of figure that has always marked me out quite unfairly as an attractive but supposedly dumb blonde. Tom, my husband is a farm engineer and I will be quite frank with you, my parents had never approved of him. They always thought I was far too classy for the likes of him, so last year's encounter was quite apt.

Winston and Robert were the smoothest, hunkiest guys you could possibly imagine and yes I got picked up by them. They, after all, had the uniform, the charm and the style. I was hooked on it and I didn't care if Tom was left just to wank himself off - I was that wicked.

It was at a village disco - and I was there in this little light tan leather skirt that clung to my every contour. I had cowboy boots on (lots of studs and mock stirrups) and a cream blouse that didn't leave you guessing about the filling! Tom was

▶6

AIDS IN ASIA

"Poor man's plague," "silent volcano," "disaster," "tragedy," have all been used to describe AIDS in Thailand. When the Bangkok Post's Bernard Trink, who should know, tries to present a different view, he's called, "misinformed," "cavalier," "careless," and "dangerous," in print. So we sent Wayne de Groot and Francis Nicholls to investigate.

Megadeath or Myth?

"You want outside?" she asks, with that irresistible smile that sends the ever red corpuscles racing. She doesn't mean you should leave the glitz, the gorgeous bodies and the booze for a platonic stroll down Patpong. She's suggesting sex, sans condom, outside her vagina.

It's all the rage. It's one way of avoiding AIDS. There are others. But first, how necessary are they? How bad is AIDS in Asia? Is it just a scare?

From Manila to Madras, public health authorities are worried and anti-AIDS campaigners ecstatic. The Philippines, with 306 known AIDS cases so far, is about to start widespread testing because, according to the Health Secretary, Antonio Periquet, "We don't want that (the Thai situation) occurring here."

Malaysia recently deported two Thai fishermen diagnosed with AIDS and is using its alleged high incidence in Had Yai, just over the border in Southern Thailand, to keep the boys home and the country's image pure: all returning Malaysian men are required to take an AIDS test.

In India, it's a whole new revolution. "Now I know we are not what we think we are," says a Madras Medical College microbiologist who formerly thought Indian culture would protect her country from AIDS.

"Before we started we didn't know so many things: that there were so many prostitutes, IV drug users or homosexuals," she says, "now I know not only that, but where to find them."

India, so far, has 103 AIDS cases and 6,400 cases of HIV but the Indian Council of Medical Research says the true HIV figure can be anywhere between 100,000 to 1 million.

Burma, Laos and Cambodia are all thought to be "importing" HIV from Thailand as low price prostitutes from those countries, working in Thai brothels, are sent home once they become infected. This "trade" can have tragic consequences.

For example, Burmese authorities were reported this April to have injected 25 out of 35 repatriated young prostitutes rescued from a Thai brothel in Ranong, Southern Thailand with cyanide because they were HIV positive.

Singapore, even while it promotes (a sadly sanitised) Bugis Street, now imprisons and/or fines people who knowingly either donate HIV positive blood or have sex without informing their partner of their condition.

Indonesia – who knows? But Taiwan now warns its nationals travelling to Thailand to be careful.

So far, only Thailand has some idea of the size of its problem. And as high-profile anti-AIDS campaigner Mechai Viravaidya complained to an international conference back in January, "We are being penalised (by criticism and a drop in tourist arrivals) for telling the truth."

But the truth depends on who you talk to. Officially, Thailand had an estimated 200-400,000 cases of HIV at the beginning of 1992 with a prospect of 2-4 million cases by 2000. Roughly 35,000 cases of actual HIV have been diagnosed so far, plus 332 cases of AIDS and 507 cases of AIDS-related illness. The extraordinarily low proportion of AIDS to HIV, only 1:100 compared to 1:20 or even less worldwide, is explained by the disease's comparatively recent arrival.

On the other hand, Bernard Trink swears blind, based on intimate knowledge of the Patpong, Soi Cowboy and Nana Complex

Erotica 2000

Copenhagen has been the capital of world sex for years, with a reputation for producing the wilder things in life. This was reinforced recently when it played host to a massive sex convention covering everything you could possibly imagine. We sent DOUG MORELAND out with his set of crayons to capture the words, and to keep snapper ULF STJERNBO out of trouble!

A spotlight rested on the writhing form of 18 year old Mette Peterson as she opened her thighs on stage and left us in no doubt of what would make her day. Mette was among thousands of other Europeans celebrating the opening of Erotica 2000, although not all of us took our clothes off on stage while we were there!

Given the Danes love of sex, it's not surprising that Copenhagen should have been chosen as the venue for Erotica 2000. And it isn't even the first time such a project has been attempted. Some 22 years ago, a similar convention was stopped by outraged politicians and pressure groups; even the Vatican expressed an opinion, with the Pope announcing that he wasn't happy with the idea! Erotica 2000 also ran into some problems. This time the main protesters were the Christian Peoples Party, who demanded that the convention should be stopped.

They weren't particularly effective! The doors opened on time, and thousands of interested members of the public were allowed in. The first thing to catch their attention was the line of scantily clad girls who greeted them with kisses and programs for the event. Not surprisingly, most of the male visitors headed for the 'restricted' area of the convention. Restricted, that is, unless you were over 16 years of age.

This was where the real action was.

Model Vida Garman reclined on a vast waterbed wearing a smile and little else as she advertised Denmark's newest phone sex line. The novel thing about this line is that it offers live phone sex; something Denmark hasn't had before. Taking his idea from American lines, Jorgen Swensen plans to offer customers of 'Ladyline' something else: a fully illustrated catalogue of the girls who work for Ladyline, and the times you can call them.

The idea of phone sex isn't a new one, and in the US it's old hat now, but strangely enough in Scandinavia, the place where anything goes, phone sex is big news! In Sweden, for example, live phone sex is totally banned, and the government-owned sex line Televerket holds the monopoly. You can talk about anything you want on tape, but mention sex and they'll shut your line down! Nevertheless, people are spending a fortune on it in Scandinavia, since there's no competition. Until Ladyline, of course, which, provided it isn't banned straight away, is bound to be a big success.

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Lod. 10 Kr.
Lod. 20

But sex lines weren't the be all and end all of Erotica 2000. Back on stage the strippers were giving it a wobble and shake, and, to keep the status quo, there were male strip acts for the ladies. One of the top attractions was ex-Miss Denmark and glamour model Trine Michelsen, a favourite of many a Knave reader under her alias, Trixie. Clad in the shortest of black dresses, Trine's long legs and firm breasts drew a lot of attention from the audience, but she's used to that by now.

Despite her youth, Trine is now one of Denmark's veteran glamour models, regularly displaying her charms for Knave and other UK magazine readers. As the snappers surrounded her, Trine teased them by fondling herself, before our man on the spot could grab a few words. Given the nature of the convention, it wasn't surprising that the Danish AIDS delegation should have had a stand there. As Trine said: "We think it's very important that everybody who is interested in sex also does their best to support the research work. Therefore, we are trying to raise some serious money here, and the goal is that we will donate some £10,000 to the research work." By the end of the convention, they had.

Everywhere we went, whether it was in the hall occupied by the fetishists, or the stripping area, old friends were meeting up. It seemed as though most of the Scandinavian and European sex industry were there; my favourite overheard line was between a guy and a girl, obviously porn actors. As they separated, the guy said: "Thanks a lot for the latest blow job!"

If you wanted to get anywhere in the European sex business, this was the place to be. And everyone's hoping that Erotica 2000 will become a

Erotica 2000

regular event. As one Scandinavian snapper pointed out: "This is the perfect place for me to meet people in the business, and to find new models that I haven't shot before."

The fetishists' hall was full of people clad in every conceivable type of outfit, with various stalls supplying everything and anything to do with bondage, leather, rubber and even body piercing. Since we were unsuitably clad for the proceedings, we made our excuses and left...

Back on stage, the punters were drooling over a huge Miss Nude competition. Girls had come from all over Denmark to compete for the title during the four days the convention ran. There weren't many rules, and the more daring girls, like Mette Peterson, flashed her pussy at the audience in the hope of winning! At least a few amateur snappers went home happy!

And that wasn't the only opportunity for the amateur's to flex their lenses. One photographer had opened a small studio, offering it, plus lights and the use of a camera for only £15! True, you had to find a model, but at Erotica 2000 that was about as hard as finding a Knave staffer in a pub (*Hey! - Ed.*). Most of the girls at the convention were well aware that models would be in demand, and given that showing off their bodies is the nature of the job, the convention offered them an opportunity to be seen, pose nude and earn an extra fee at the same time.

Naturally, Trine was in big demand, but since she was doubling as a hostess, the snappers had to look elsewhere. Dancer Charlotte Kejser was popular for two reasons - bet ya can't guess which ones! - and didn't have much free time between modelling and stage appearances! For the fetishistic snapper, there was Lone, a 26 year old native of Copenhagen. With half of her head shaved and clad in a tight leather dress which had holes for her breasts and pierced nipples to poke through, she went down a storm. Especially when she revealed her stock of bondage gear!

The idea behind the show was mainly an expression and celebration of sexuality, no matter how bizarre some of the practises may have been. As Karina Bahner, head of public relations for the convention said: "Eroticism and sex interest all of us, and the purpose of this convention is to inform people about other forms of sexual behaviour; it isn't just a commercial thing."

With the success of this year's Erotica 2000 convention still fresh in their memories, the organisers have pledged to put next year's show on in Norway. Of all the Scandinavian countries, Norway is the one with the tightest censorship. Men's magazines face a real battle, and anyone attempting to put on even something as tame as a wet t-shirt night is looking for trouble. With that in mind, it'll be interesting to see what happens.

Will Erotica 2000 ever come to Britain? Who can say? It very much depends on whether enough of us are willing to support the idea in a country still ruled by Victorian hypocrisy. Until then, we'll see you in Norway in '93!

AIDS IN ASIA

girls, gained over more than 25 years of reporting on their delicious antics, that none of the reported cases of either HIV or AIDS has occurred in his bailiwick.

"I accept that there is a serious AIDS problem in Thailand, especially in Bangkok," he stresses, "but this is among the low-priced brothels and freelancers.

"On my beat among Bangkok's deminondaines (prostitutes), no-one's disappearing, no-one knows of anyone with AIDS, all the bars make sure that their girls are checked regularly for STD and AIDS. It isn't here. It may be tomorrow or next week and if it appears I'll report it. But so far there is no case of AIDS I know of in any of these bars."

Nearby medical clinics back Trink up. Chai VD Clinic in the heart of Patpong says, "We have hundreds of bargirls coming to us for checks each night but we have found very few instances of venereal disease or HIV."

The Surawongse Medical Centre agree, although they point out that they see relatively few girls regularly. Of the few HIV cases found, most have been Westerners taking a check before they return home, they say.

At the other end of the spectrum, 72 per cent of the 30 baht (the local currency - prostitutes are rated by cost) prostitutes in Chiang Mai are said by anti-AIDS campaigners to have HIV, 30 per cent of the 100 baht girls, and 16 per cent of up-market girls – and for any girl, and whatever price, who has been in business for more than a year there's a 70 per cent chance of infection.

One way to get to grips with all this is to abandon the blizzards of often conflicting statistics and look instead at the two opposing arguments, megadeath or myth.

The doom and gloom scenario can seem compelling.

First, if it is true that HIV alone eventually, inevitably leads to AIDS and death, then Thailand is in big trouble. 300,000 cases of HIV translates into an infection ratio of 3:500 – three times the global average and the estimate may be conservative!

Second, everyone agrees, even Trink, that there is massive HIV among low-priced prostitutes. A 70 per cent infection rate within this group appears to be average.

There is clear correlation between prices charged and conditions of work for the girls and the incidence of HIV.

Third, because Thailand is still, largely, a rural society in which men frequently visit low-price brothels and shun condoms, there is an obvious threat that AIDS could cross dramatically and disastrously into the general population.

It is this fear, rather than any puritan motive, that has galvanised the Thai government to act. Significantly, Thai homosexuals hardly show up in the official statistics. This is not because they do not have HIV or AIDS, but because they pose no general, immediate threat to public health and are therefore not being systematically checked.

But what of the myth?

First, there is growing evidence that HIV alone may be insufficient to cause AIDS. There is even an American university professor, an acknowledged leader in virus research, who insists that AIDS cannot be caused by a virus.

Professor Peter Duesberg at UCLA Berkeley is so sure of himself that he says he would be, "Quite happy," to have himself publicly injected with HIV. To him, AIDS, a collation of some 25 well-recognised but disparate diseases, is a mistaken association of several distinct conditions. He believes that each has its own immunosuppressive trigger, none of which includes HIV.

While Duesberg is still considered an extremist, many other authorities, including Dr Luc Montagnier, the French discoverer of HIV, now agree that it alone is not sufficient to cause AIDS. Even the World Health Organisation (WHO) is beginning to weaken.

"About 60 per cent of adults infected with HIV-1 will develop AIDS within 12-13 years," the WHO said in January this year. While it still expects that, "The vast majority of HIV-1 infected persons will eventually develop AIDS," the new timeframe is a giveaway.

One of Duesberg's key arguments is that the long incubation period for AIDS means that it cannot possibly be caused by a virus. Writing in 1990, he pointed out that in order to accommodate HIV as the cause of AIDS, "A latent period first had to be invented, then extended to its present, and still growing, total of 10 to 11 years."

Two years on we have an official two-year extension of the latent period to, "12 to 13 years." Duesberg must be splitting his sides!

Put plainly, what this extension can only mean is that the expected AIDS epidemic is not happening. The expectation that the "vast majority" of HIV positive people "will eventually develop AIDS" is thus being undermined by each additional day of delay.

Second, since HIV is turning out to be less virulent and more leisurely than first expected, it makes sense to take a fresh look at the few firm statistics that are available. In the most recent of these, WHO says that just over 100,000 cases of AIDS were reported throughout the world in 1990, just a fraction higher than in 1989. But in 1991, in a world highly sensitive to AIDS, reported cases plummeted to about 55,000.

Fewer cases were reported in every region. Clearly, not only is the epidemic not taking off, it is fading even before it gets going!

So now let's take another look at Thailand. In 1991, the cumulative total of actual cases of AIDS reported worldwide reached 446,681 according to WHO. Of that total, 4,443 cases had been reported for the entire Asia and Oceana region. Within the regional figure, Thailand's cumulative total is less than 400. With less than one thousandth of reported AIDS cases in the world, Thailand hardly qualifies for first division!

Unfortunately, all this does not mean that AIDS does not exist. It does, and it's a killer. Similarly, among all those gyrating bodies and flashing strobes, you may well still be at risk. But if HIV is turning out to be a pretty limp candidate, what does cause AIDS?

More and more researchers and AIDS workers are beginning to think of a multi-causal as well as multi-symptomatic disease. It looks as though any activity or condition that can harm the human immune system could then become susceptible to HIV.

The chief common causes of immunosuppression include prolonged malnutrition, severe drug or alcohol abuse, intensive or long-term antibiotic consumption, repeated STD reinfections, repeated semen deposition through anal intercourse, multiple blood transfusions (with 'clean' blood), multiple concurrent infections, various specific infections including hepatitis-B, chemotherapy, organ transplants and anaesthesia. Coming soon, if the ozone layer keeps diminishing, is excess UV exposure.

This list explains Africa's AIDS epidemic as malnutrition-related, America's as semen, STD and drug-related with Europe much the same. Thailand's low price prostitutes have multiple STD, poor diets, terrible living conditions, drugs – just about the lot.

It's heart-breaking, but reassuring. Basically if you're healthy and heterosexual enough to get to Patpong in the first place, all you need worry about is food, drugs and booze – plenty of good food and moderation with the others. Then go where Trink goes, safely up-market. That way you are very unlikely to catch HIV and in good condition to tolerate it even if you do. Of course, to be absolutely safe, go outside. Among those luscious, luminous, libidinous ladies it's that or a condom.

champers say, and called after one of the celebrities particularly associated with this portion of the anatomy. Major, Kinnock, Wogan, Ross, Charles, are names which come readily to mind. Your current girlfriend would no doubt be pleased to initiate this quaint ceremony.

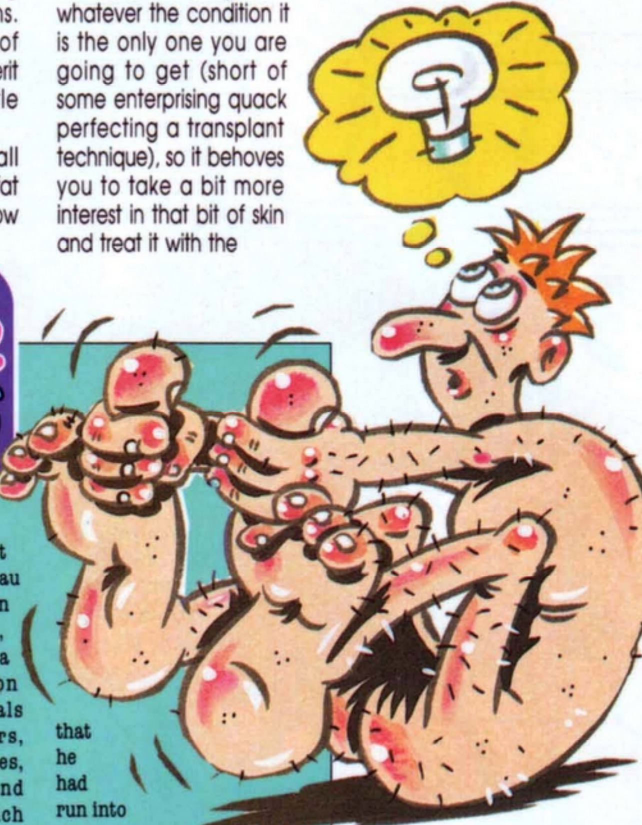
How thoughtful it would be too, if an admiring female knitted him a little draw-string cap to fit over his head in the cold weather, or to draw a simple smile on his face with mascara, before inviting entry into sweeter realms. You can perhaps think of other ingenious ideas to merit recognition, with a little imagination.

There are pricks of all varieties, large and small, fat and thin, black, white, yellow and brown. There may even be some green ones around. Some are bent, others are crooked, many scarred and battered with usage, but whatever the condition it is the only one you are going to get (short of some enterprising quack perfecting a transplant technique), so it behoves you to take a bit more interest in that bit of skin and treat it with the respect it deserves.

– Old John, Northampton

Wanna Kiss

My story starts on a hot summer's day several years ago. I was helping to run a first aid course at the local centre.



There was only one woman on the course, a slip of a thing at 18, called Babs. Very plain, wearing glasses but with long black hair, a trim figure, and a nice smile. During the course I offered to act as her patient, and she accepted. We teamed up for all the practical exercises, me giving helpful hints, and we had a good laugh together. All the while I was getting glimpses of her pert little breasts in their little bra cups, when she leant forward and the half open blouse fell away from her chest. That evening there was to be a bar-b-que for everyone but when the training session finished it was still a good three hours away. As she was not from my town, I suggested she might like a guided tour before the evening meal. Sitting in the car with her, in the middle of the usual Saturday queue for somewhere to park, I suggested we forget the town and go down by the river nearby.

She agreed and we were soon sitting beside the river watching the pleasure cruisers go by. We talked and soon I had my arm round her, giving her gentle kisses and nuzzling her ear. My loins were tingling, it was a long time since I'd been this close to a girl, and Babs was obviously enjoying my attention. I stopped my kisses, drew back a little from her, and she looked at me, wondering why. I took her by the shoulders and lay her down beside me, then my lips went down to hers. My hand rested on her stomach and I inched it slowly to her breast, fondling it gently through her clothing. We kissed for a while longer, her passion matched mine. Then I drew back. "I want to kiss your breasts," I said, "will you come back to my flat?" To my surprise she agreed, and half an hour later she was sitting on the single bed, then she swung her legs up onto the bed and I lay down beside her.

We kissed again, and I slowly began to undo her blouse, pulling it out from the waistband of her jeans as I did so. When I had done this I grasped the front of her bra and lifted it off her breasts and up to the top of her chest. I fondled them gently for a while, my fingers ▸

Weirdsville

SITUATIONS VACANT

Situation Wanted: By young woman 21 years of age. Unusual experience includes three years Necking and Stripping. (Shears, the journal of the American box-making industry)

Senior citizen required for light cleaning duties and hovering, 20 hrs weekly. (Harrow Observer)

WANTED: Edible Oil Technologist (Observer)

BLOOPER CORNER

Blackburn Times reporter Valerie will not forget the night she danced with Prime Minister Edward Heath at a Young Conservatives Ball — and ended up in the maternity ward of the local hospital (UK Press Gazette)

CHURCH BIZARRE

Following reports of over 140 cases a year of priests molesting children, a report to the US Catholic Bishops estimates that over the next decade the church's liability in resulting legal cases could top $1 billion.

After threats that its budget would be withdrawn, Nassau Community College in Hempstead, New York, agreed to modify a controversial course on sexuality. College officials axed visits to gay bars, interviews with prostitutes, eighty slides of male and female genitalia, and such homework assignments as masturbating while taking a bubble bath. The college said students still would also be shown an explicit film on sexual intercourse.

CHURCH BIZARRE

Jim C. Brady of Pensacola, Florida's best-known proponent of fundamental Christianity and creationism in American schools, pleaded guilty to driving through residential areas, tossing nude photos of himself out of the window.

Gary Douglas Stranz of St Paul, Minnesota, who burned Round Lake Presbyterian Church to the ground, said that he had run into the church to escape from a man who was making homosexual advances toward him, and that he had set fire to the church to attract attention.

INTERESTING EXPLANATION No. 43

Mark Rapko, 28, was sentenced to 19 years in prison for robbing the offices of the Newhall Signal in California and holding 30 hostages with a shotgun because, he claimed, he was upset after seeing his wife acting in a pornographic film.

BUSY GIRLS

In the year before a health clinic opened to give contraceptive advice to the 1,000 girls at the Du Sable High School in Chicago, there were 300 pregnancies.

HEADLINES OF THE MONTH

GRASPING BIG TOE IS DECLARED KEY TO MAN'S DEVELOPMENT

(The Washington Post)

◆27

tweaking her nipples, then my mouth went down over them, taking the teats between my lips, tonguing them vigorously, to the accompaniment of low moans and groans of pleasure from Babs. Then my hands slipped down to her waist.

I undid her jeans and slid my hand inside, feeling my way beneath her panties, through the warmth of her bush to find her slit. My fingers probed the soft folds of skin. She was quite dry at first, but then I found her love button, and as I caressed her the love juices began to flow over my fingers. Her teats had doubled in size now, and I sucked them long and hard, first one, then the other, all the time with my fingers working at her clit, which was now swollen also.

I was really horny now and with my free hand I undid my trousers and pushed them down my thighs, taking my pants with them. My cock was rock-hard. Babs pushed my head away from her breasts to look at it. I don't think she'd ever seen an erect cock before, and she needed no encouragement to start wanking it. I lay back, enjoying the ways of pleasure, and undid my shirt. In less then a minute my balls were straining to shoot their load, and I quickly pushed my cock down onto my belly, just as the first hot splashes of come leapt out onto my stomach and chest.

Babs had never seen a man come before, and she was very excited. I took her hand, dipped her finger in a big blob of spunk, and guided it to her mouth. She tasted it warily, but liked the strong salty flavour. Her little tongue darting out on to my chest and stomach, licking up every drop she could find. Then she came to the little pool in my belly button. I waited for her to lap it up, but she didn't. Instead, a strange look came into her eyes, then she leant across me and guided first one bloated nipple then the other into the hole. When she turned to face me, her teats glistened with the white of my come. Then she said, "Didn't you want to kiss my breasts?" My cock was hardening again as I took her nipples into my mouth and tasted the mixture of her sweet little tits and my own spunk upon them.

She started to wank me again, and as I lay back I saw a little drop of my come squeeze out of the tip of my cock. I took a deep breath, and said, "Well, I'm going to lick you Babs, I'm going to put my finger into you, pull your cunt open, and lick your cunt, and your clit." With that I lay her back and pulled off her jeans and wet panties. I pulled off her to the edge of the bed, knelt down in front of her and pushed her legs apart, I spread her cunt lips with my fingers and licked the whole length of her cunt, drinking in the juice of her passion. She moaned and writhed in pleasure, then I concentrated on her inflamed love button, one hand spreading her cunt open. With the other one I began to rub it furiously. Then I began to lick her clit again. Her eyes opened wide in passion. I kissed her, and held her in my arms for a while.

I got between her legs and guided my iron prick into the love tube. I pushed it gently. Her body was stiff as she felt me enter her, not knowing what to expect. I gave her a long lingering kiss, and as I did so withdrew my cock the first few inches then I rammed it into her. She did not move her lips from mine. My cock began a rhythmic pounding of her love passage and she broke off our kiss to moan and cry in pleasure at our love-making. I rode until my balls tightened and I drew out my glistening cock. She had only just grasped me in her hand when my spunk exploded out onto her belly and up over her tits. I watched as she dabbed my come up on her fingers and then licked them clean. I got a small mirror and held it down between her legs so that she could see her cunt. We agreed it was time to go back to the bar-b-que so people wouldn't miss us.

– R.P., The South

"Well, at least they're honest !"

Tis A Pity She's A Boiler

The following is a true account of what happened last summer. The week began with a bang.

I was in a call box trying to phone my Aunt Hilda in Bridlington. It was so frustrating. The damn coins wouldn't go in. In the next box I could see a young man with glasses having the same problem. We met on the pavement. He was shaking

TOP 10 MALE FANTASIES

Remember, these are only fantasies, and have no bearing on your actual sex life. They are also widely reported and have been taken from various sources.

• • •

1
Thinking about another woman while having sex.

2
Having sex with a woman who resists but eventually gives in.

3
Voyeurism.

4
Watching their partner have sex with one or more men.

5
Group sex.

6
A threesome (two women or men).

7
Watching two women have sex. Preferably wife and friend or twins.

8
Sex with a woman with huge breasts.

9
Having sex in front of an audience.

10
Being urinated on by a woman.

• • •

◆29

curious.

We took a short walk from the pub to his home. The building was a semi-detached, two up, two down affair and looked like nobody was at home. Gordon lead me up the path and round the side of the house. His garden was no less than immaculate, colourful flowers giving off wonderful smells. If this was wonderland, I would surely be Alice. "Your garden is beautiful," I told him. "I grow fruit and vegetable also," he said. He pointed to an elongated greenhouse at the end of the garden against a high hedge, "Would you like to see?"

"Yes, I would, Gordon," I said. He pressed by me, and as he did so I felt the thrill of his fingers as they lightly touched my buttocks. I knew he would quickly remove his hand, so I placed mine over his. Gordon's hand on my right buttock and the smell of honeysuckle! My body was swaying onto his. His fingers grasped my bum more confidently. I wanted to tell him to put his whole forearm between my legs, as I like to ride an arm as a preliminary to deep intercourse, but I didn't. I just thought about it and wondered if I was staining my skirt. "You're sweet," I murmured, and swiftly inserted my tongue in and out of his ear. He escorted me to the greenhouse. It was so hot my mouth fell open. He picked up a cucumber.

"Look at the size of that! Would you like it?" I went overboard. "What would you like me to do with it?" I asked.

He surprised me. He picked up a knife and peeled of the green skin, "That'll cool you off." I bunged the wide, moist phallus in my mouth, and without biting into it, wetted my lips so that thin traces of lipstick were left on it. We looked into each others eyes. I gazed down at his tight-faded jeans. Poor thing! I saw he held a prisoner crying out for release.

"It moistens the mouth wonderfully," I said, and pushed the lipstick-stained cucumber into his mouth. He was a bit taken aback now and realised this was no ordinary fun and games.

I backed into him, "Oh, it's so hot in here." Immediately, I felt his cock stretching against my bum, it felt so long and firm it could have easily been the cucumber. His hands were on my thighs, up my skirt. He breathed in my ear and fingered my panties deftly out of the crack of my bum so that they dropped to my ankles. Then his cock was a branch between my legs, so that I could see the circumcised tip in front of me rucking up my skirt hem. I rubbed my bum on its length and whimpered. I was moist and smelt, but I knew my smell was good. I circled my hand back and grasped his length. There was nothing shy about his long cock.

"Your cock, Gordon. It feels wonderful." He groaned in response like a man who'd never been complimented or rubbed before... I couldn't bear it any longer, my rude side came out. "I need that tool! Shove it up me. Helen can't wait any longer. She wants to ride it, she wants you to fuck her!" My hands fell over a barrel of green water. I arched my spine, head back, tilted my bum up and parted my thighs.

The bulb was easing into me, the ever fattening length was following till, at last, I had that whole, engorged penis stuffed all the way up my cunt and making it wet and wide. Five or six long, slow strokes and we were covered in sweat. "It's so hot, so hot," I cried out, and knew I was talking about the temperature and that stiff poker he had up me.

Gordon didn't stop. Lifting my thin top he mauled my breasts and brought the coolness of the cucumber to my rear and rolled it down the split cheeks of my bum. I was almost there. One more deep thrust and I'd be in ecstacy. "Come on, come on," he urged. I moved one hand from the barrel's rim and brought it down to my clit and, rubbing it frantically, I came and came and came. We caught our breaths.

We strolled back through the fragrant garden and into his house. Answering the call of nature, I visited his bathroom, and after relieving myself Gordon entered (no lock on the door). His cock was still limp and wet from our excursions and in need of revitalising. I remained seated and nursed his long dong back to life in my mouth. Then we lay down in the cold bath, naked and fired cool water at one another. He couldn't take his eyes off my cunt and all the time he was saying things like, "Open the lips, pull them apart, oh, beautiful."

He fondled and stroked the insides of my legs and swept his fingers up to that hole he loved so much. He began masturbating his tool in a frenzy. I got out of the bath and stemmed his pumping hand with my own. "Gordon, take me somewhere comfortable."

Somewhere comfortable was a room with bare boards, cricket gear and a mattress. "You like cricket, Gordon?" I whispered in his ear as my hand gently moved his foreskin. I didn't want his cock going off in my hand. I wanted it somewhere more interesting. "Would you like me padded up?" He simply nodded.

I got into the pads and buckled up. Gordon drooled and watched. I lay back on the mattress in the kit, which certainly made a change from my stockings and

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PUN-ILINGUS

Eased enders:
Football fans sitting on cushions.

Fantasy:
Conk bonk.

Fashion passion:
Getting turned on by clothes.

Flirtation:
Hintimacy.

Foreplay:
The way to take her from on heat to on fire.

Gimcrack:
What should be concealed by a gym-slip.

Hard frieze:
A sculptured erection.

Macho manservant:
A butler who can lick his weight in French maids.

Maso-kissed:
Bit on the side, hard enough to leave a hickey.

PENPOWER PLUS

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suspenders or tights around my ankles. I exposed my cunt to him and cock in hand, he crawled between my legs. Saliva was dripping from his mouth as he fastened his tongue to mine. I opened my legs further and winced as that long, tapering tool of his entered me once more and did its filthy business - which I needed so much.

Gordon had me twice more that evening, once on the kitchen table, and once - with great difficulty - in a hammock, which was the main feature in another room.

Some girls I know, would find an evening like that enough to last them a week at least. But I guess I'm different. The next day I was on a train speeding to Brighton, and an old college friend.

My friend, Sara wasn't feeling too great and had her boyfriend round to look after her. I went into the spare bedroom to unpack my cases. On several occasions over the last year I'd been rudely rogered by a number of enthusiastic stallions. Where are they all now? I wondered. Probably screwing some other lucky girls, as they'd done with me.

I took a stroll along the promenade. The air was lovely and cool, and I could feel it whispering up my little thin dress and into those parts a gorgeous cock might well like to reach. I sat on the railing and just man-watched for a while. Then I saw a man and he saw me.

I simply smiled. It was very dark on the beach. At first we just sat on the stones, then the engines of lust purred and turned. His arm circled my back and I moved into him. Our faces turned and our mouths met. Wet tongues forked and foraged, I heard his breathing change and knew something would be happening between his legs, I breathed in his ear and ran my fingers lightly up the inside of his trouser leg until I reached the bulge. I cupped it and squeezed it and finally unzipped him. I heard his anxious voice in the darkness, "Someone might see."

I took his knob out. It was a nice, red, stout fellow and I gave it a brisk rub which I well know how to do, having frequently studied the way men do it, usually over my face. "Do you want me to stop?"

"Please, oh no."

Then I got down on him and gave him a treat. He lay back on the stones while I circled the base of his cock with my mouth and that put him into ecstacy. "Oh, the tongue on it. I like that, do it some more. You'll make me come."

THIS CRYPTIC MESSAGE IS FOR A.N.OTHER IN TYNESIDE. 100 OUT OF 138 IS A GOOD SCORE, BUT WITHOUT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS, WE CAN'T PAY YOU A PENNY! WE LIKE YOUR MATERIAL, SO KEEP IT COMING! -ED

"Yes, Charles, come on darling. Spurt your milk in my mouth."

"You don't mind?" My answer was in the business of my tongue, hand and mouth. I heard him whimpering and felt the increased hardening of his dome. "Here it is then, take it in your mouth."

My mouth was full of his wide length, right down to his tight pouch of his yearning balls. The sperm, warm and salty, shot straight down my throat effortlessly. When he had fully discharged himself I crawled up and kissed him full on the mouth. Then I did something bold. I straddled his face, pulled aside my wet pantie crotch and rubbed my hungry cunt over his features. His tongue snaked out as if to acknowledge the shape of cunt to come. He licked me out nicely for a short time, then said, "Let's go to my place. These pebbles are hard."

Never mind, Slugger-one day you'll look back on all this and laugh!

It was a good practical suggestion, and as it turned out, his place was grand in a way that Gordon's wasn't. The garden was long and cultivated, the house a small mansion. Charles was a stockbroker and lived alone. I sat swinging in a double garden seat. He didn't join me, but sat in front of me ogling the way my dress fluttered up in the breeze. "If you weren't wearing panties I'd be able to see your crotch," he said. Charles, I realised, was a voyeur. I raised my legs and fanned them open.

"Pull them off for me, Charles." He wormed them over my bum, over my knees and off. Then, drink in hand, I swung up and down as far as I could. Charles approved, and I watched him as he brought out his cock, and, with uninhibited pleasure, toyed with it's length.

"Charles, take me inside." How different from Gordon's tatty old room. His master bedroom was a voyeur's delight. Mirrors on the ceiling, mirrors behind and in front of the bed, which took up half the room. I let him dictate.

"All fours, please, Helen." Now naked, I waited dog-like for him to strip off. "Lovely cunt, Helen. Just open it with your fingers so I can see it, that's it, so wet and exposed..." He slipped a hand briefly over my hanging tits. "And they're so full and heavy." He was behind me now and teasing my cunt lips with his lovely engorged tool. I turned and looked back at him. He was gazing down at the entry his cock was making, and studying the many reflections his strategic mirrors and lighting offered. Then he took me with long, slow strokes. I adjusted to this rhythm and enjoyed the lascivious sights our images displayed. This went on for a long time until I was almost sore and in tears and calling out for a solid, hard humping I needed to bring me over the edge.

He leaned heavily on my upturned buttocks and, shouting out filthy words, he shagged me and pumped me to an orgasm which left me flat out and shuddering. While I lay on my front getting my breath back, Charles opened my legs. "I like to think that cunt is fucked and dribbling with my sperm." He opened my labia and felt out mingled moisture. I saw his cock stiffen again. "Ride me," he commanded, "ride my cock". I did.

I refused Charles nothing that night. His demands were great and so was his cock.

I reached Sara's about three in the morning. In fairness I couldn't stay out all night. Sara was slowly recovering as I heard wild noises from her room. A good stiff cock can do wonders to a girl!

- H., London

Ride The Foaming Cock

Because I'm into windsurfing in a very big way, I was able to persuade Collette my wife to come on a fortnight's watersports break in the West Indies. She's inexperienced in such things, and I'd arranged for her to join a beginners class, whilst I spent a fair time each day learning a few competition techniques. Well, she certainly looked the business when we got out there. A long legged blonde, with a neat figure, she looked very special in just a bikini bottom. Any fears that I had about her taking to the water also evaporated, when she reported to me that her first lesson at the school was a success. Chris apparently was very good - and spent lots of time with her gaining balance on the board.

I suppose I was being selfish, wanting as much practice as possible, so I never checked out the other details about her lessons. I imagined that 'Chris' was an American, a board nut who saw lots of equally attractive women and that was that. Not a bit of it though, because I got all my assumptions wrong. It turned out 'Chris' was from the island, a dirty, cock happy rod of the first order - and my wife was getting more than a little instruction! As she began to explain that the sun was a bit much for her skin, and she needed a lot of midday siesta whilst I was out,

JOKER

Why is pubic hair curly? Because if it were straight, it would poke your eyes out.

◆

Definition of a portable lap-top? A high-tech prostitute.

◆

Husband comes home and says to his wife after kissing her, "Honey, you smell sexy. Is that perfume My Sin?" "No," she replies, "it's my pussy!"

Weirdsville

THE CHEEK OF IT

The Denver City Council recently held a public meeting the discuss the vexed question of the percentage of a bottom that could be revealed before an establishment had to obtain an adult entertainment licence.

The Utah Court of Appeals overturned Marie Serpente's conviction for 'lewdness'. She went to her son's junior school to complain about his being kept in after school. After haranguing an algebra teacher during class, she walked toward the door, stopped, bent over, raised her dress and mooned him. The Court ruled that as she had been wearing knickers, the act was not lewd.

WEIRD SEX

Charles Edward Padgett, 49, was sentenced to 15 years in prison for sexual assault in San Antonio, Texas. He had gone to the home of a woman he knew slightly and at gunpoint ordered her to undress and fondle a large cucumber.

BUS ON FIRE- PASSENGERS ALIGHT
(West Wales Guardian)

Tommy Lee Graves, 29, was arrested in Greensboro, North Carolina, after he followed several women from a post office and squirted their buttocks with transmission fluid. He was discovered by police hiding in bushes reloading his plastic squirt bottle. He had been arrested twice earlier in the year for similar incidents involving baby oil.

Daniel R. Crago, 24, was arrested in Newark, Ohio, when a woman returned home to her caravan to find him asleep on her waterbed wearing only her knickers and bra. When she woke him up, he attempted to flush them down the toilet.

Six-foot-tall 12-stone Anita ("Mistress Anne") Murray, 45, and her five-foot-nine husband pleaded guilty in Los Angeles to having made and distributed pornographic films in which she is shown torturing him, apparently with his complete approval. When arrested in their home, they were dressed in matching negligees and baking a cake.

OUT WITH A BANG

In Springfield, Missouri, John Matlock, 35, had sex with Pamela Sheppard, 31, in his car as it stood idling in his garage with the heater running. They both fell asleep and were found asphyxiated by the fumes.

KNICKER NICKER

Former bus driver Bruce Allen Lyons, 33, was charged with robbing 21 Los Angeles businesses and forcing female employees to give him their knickers.

STICKY SITUATION

In São Paulo, Brazil, a husband, discovering his wife with another man, glued her hand to the lover's penis with acrylic cement. Despite successful surgery to separate the body parts, the man died several days later of toxic poisoning from the cement's being absorbed into the bloodstream.

DRIVING MISS CRAZY

Boxer Hector "Macho" Comacho was arrested at Fort Myers, Florida, for driving too slowly on an interstate highway. The arresting officer said that a female passenger was sitting on Comacho's lap and that they were "trying to do the wild thing."

BAD LOSER

After his lover, an East Detroit woman, decided to return to her husband, Eric Sanderson, the man she had spurned, had 50 copies made of videos showing them engaged in sexual acts, and attached them to the windscreens of cars belonging to her parents, neighbours and work colleagues. He also distributed obscene cartoons depicting their activities before being arrested and charged with attempting to run the couple's car off the road.

WHAT'S UP, DOC?

Psychology professor Robert A Baron has advised Cincinnati police to use novel techniques to defuse violent domestic disputes. When they arrive at the scene, he recommends that they should try performing Bugs Bunny impressions, pretend to raid the refrigerator or pull their hats down to make their ears stick out, so as to "disarm the combatants with humour".

HEADLINES OF THE MONTH

NEW HOME FOR OLD FOLKS IN THE PIPELINE (Barbados Advocate).

10

5

9

4

6

7

1 12

13

OUT OF STOCK 14

3

OUT OF STOCK 8

Wonderwear

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Add a thrill to night times with our new range of quality underwear.
For her: Itemwear offers sheer excitement with a new selection of provocative undies designed to give maximum pleasure. For him: Show yourself to your best advantage in our exciting choice of daring briefs. Itemwear is produced exclusively for Galaxy Publications. All prices include post and secure packaging. All orders over £15 will include a free male pouch worth £3.20.

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PENPOWER PLUS

◀37

I should have clicked. It was only when I came back early after a board accident that I discovered that most of Collette's balancing was on Chris's very proud pussy pleasing stalk.

The circumstances were a little painful, not only to my ego but in other respects too. You see I'd come off my board pretty awkwardly that day – straddling it edge on, so I had this mega bruise just where I pack my sex kit. I was making my way gingerly back to our base when a one of the other instructors tried to divert me for a drink. He must have known that Chris was shagging my wife – and probably wanted to save us all the hassle. As it was, I wasn't diverted, and got to peep in at the window, just as Collette was mounting Chris's huge prick, on our bed! Three other shocks were all rolled into one that moment. First off, Chris was an ebony bloke of big muscular proportions. Second, Collette was struggling to take him (surprising given that my lovely wife was sexually advanced). Third, my cock was twitching like hell at the thought of it, and though my balls ached, I wanted to wank, rather than burst in for a fight.

It was clear she adored the guy, because she kept petting him, licking his chest, pecking kisses onto his chin. The way she parted her lush pussy lips, holding them open as she slid on, made it easy for Chris to get an eyeful too. Once he was up her, and she was leaning back, exultant at being so full of meaty cock, he told her to wank her own clit! You should have seen her tits wobble as she lathered herself up. They were literally bouncing, her hips pushing her cunt up and down his shaft with increasing fervour. He'd got very big hands, with strong fingers, and the way he rolled her tit ends, she soon had those sticking out like stalks too. I'd never got her nipples erect myself – so it was a fabulous visual treat.

My cock was giving me jip as I watched, so in the end, I did reach down and start stroking it up. If the wanking relieved my cock ache, it did little for my balls – they were jumping at the prospect of jacking off. Suffice to say, I was beating the meat and to hell with the discomfort, when Chris got her squealing off. She literally squealed with pleasure – bucking against him, moaning and panting as she came off. I noticed his hips convulse too – a shudder and a thrust upwards, which I guess spelt out where his spunk was shooting.

As that happened, so my cock twitched too. There was a hard ache downstairs. I was just too bruised – but oh so turned on! Watching Collette dismount, and then suck the spare spunk off his rod, out of his tightly curled pubic hair and off his handsome balls – just completed the picture before I crept away.

That night it was I who had the headache. I was confused, wanting to say to Collette, "Hey yes, go for it girl – the man's a pussy pleaser." Still, I felt bruised and pretty feeble. By night four though, Collette was pretending to get very randy and to need cock much more – board injury or no. That's when I got dead practical, and suggested, just for the hols, it would be OK if she found a substitute. She looked quietly pleased, and asked if I'd accept her fucking with a local lad. When I said fine, she was pretty happy! We came off that holiday very different people. I'd lost some confidence, on the board as well as elsewhere. I was crazed with thrills of watching Collette fuck now. She'd not learned much about windsurfing, but wanted to go with other guys when we got home.

– J., Bristol.

PUN-ILINGUS

Modern romance:
A relationship that breaks up because the love-making has become too mechanical, and then the couple start a custody battle over their vibro collection.

Nymphomania:
Going bonkers over stonkers.

Nympho's love tunnel:
The aisle of man.

Opportunist:
A bimbo with a chummy tummy.

Painfully obvious:
The smile on the face of a satisfied sadist.

Queer fish:
A mermaid with three tits.

Shoot It Up

A recent experience of mine with a very sexy older woman has prompted me to write to your magazine, which may interest readers who believe in a younger man with a 'mature woman'.

I carry out repairs to electrical appliances like videos, televisions, hi-fi's etc. So on this boring Monday morning in a very upper class district, this particular lady led me into her elegant home for a short repair job. She was a classy piece, late forty-ish, a redhead, big brown eyes and quite an inviting figure on her, creating an immediate effect on my young prick.

TOP 10 FEMALE FANTASIES

Remember, these are only fantasies, and have no bearing on your actual sex life. They are also widely reported and have been taken from various sources.

• • •

1
Being raped.

2
Having sex in public.

3
Being taken from behind by a complete stranger and not seeing his face.

4
Sex with several men at once.

5
Thinking about another man while having sex.

6
Lesbian encounters.

7
Group sex.

8
Being tied down and used by one or more men.

9
Taking part in a threesome.

10
Having sex in a public place.

• • •

Oriental Saloon, a dive fast gaining a reputation as the most unsavoury hangout in town. As a sort of gun-toting manager/bouncer Wyatt ensured that his brothers were made faro dealers or bartenders, while surrounding himself with cronies like Luke Short, Buckskin Frank Leslie and Bat Masterson.

As a 'front', the Oriental left a lot to be desired, but it served to provide visible means of support. More importantly, it was the ideal headquarters for Wyatt to plan the Earps' next hold-up!

Where gold and silver bullion was being shipped from nearby stamping mills to the tune of $90,000 a month, hold-ups were almost commonplace. That the cargo was being 'secretly' freighted by coach, usually regular Wells Fargo lines, made it candy from a baby – especially with good old Marshall Williams giving Wyatt the dates of shipment.

In the spring of 1881 the talk of Tombstone was that the Earps and Holliday had been behind the bungled Kinnear & Co. stage robbery just outside of town. It was the Doc, drunk and trigger-happy, who had shot up the stage, killing two men and causing the horses to bolt. Worse, Ike and Tom Clanton, riding with Frank McLowery, had seen Holliday ride hell-for-leather from the scene just after the shooting. It was this, more than any other single factor, that was to lead to the 'famous' gunfight at the O.K. Corral.

For a time things looked bad for Holliday and the Earps. When the Doc was indicted that May for 'participating in attempted robbery and a shooting', Bat Masterson and Luke Short left town.

Wyatt worked himself into a lather.

First he tried to win the Clantons over by suggesting they become partners. But the boys would have none of it. Along with Sheriff Behan they had rustled and robbed stages themselves, but they would have nothing to do with the Earp 'gang'.

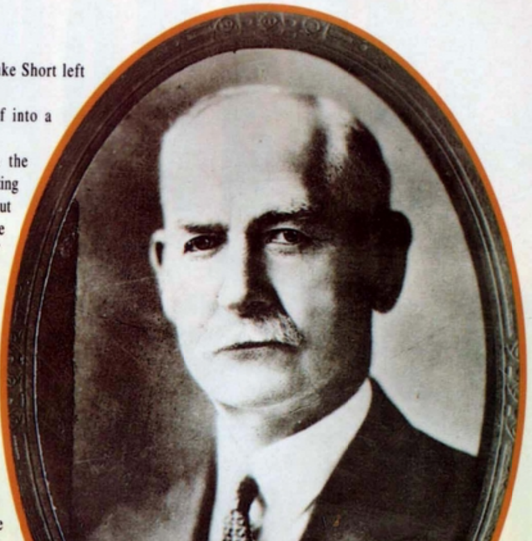
The pressure eased when Holliday was released a few days later for lack of evidence. But Wyatt knew they could never feel safe with the Clantons and McLowery boys around.

On June 8, Tombstone's regular marshal, Ben Sippy, left town on leave. Astonishingly, Virgil Earp who had failed twice before to become town marshal, was sworn in temporarily by Mayor John P. Clum – this at a time when half the town were aware of the Earps' involvement in armed robbery.

Perhaps it had something to do with the town lots and mining claims the Earps had been quietly buying up over the past year, both under their own names and those of various Tombstone assignees.

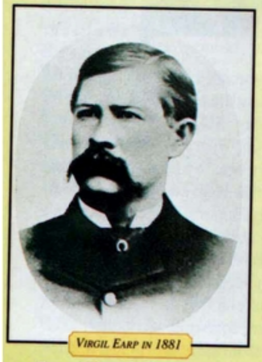
As it was, Marshal Sippy never returned to Tombstone, and Virgil was still marshal on October 25 when Ike Clanton and Tom McLowery drove into town for supplies. Neither man was armed. Leaving their wagon at the O.K. Corral they registered at separate hotels.

Later that evening Holliday taunted Ike in a saloon, but he refused to be baited. Then Wyatt ran into McLowery as he walked past the courthouse. Drawing his long-barrelled revolver Wyatt cracked McLowery across the head and left him bleeding in the street.



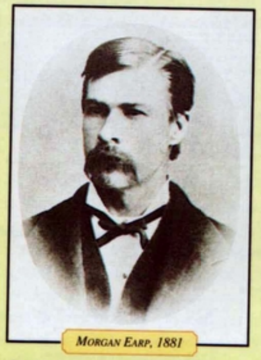
THE FRAUDSTER HIMSELF, IN 1925

THE COLT.45 BUNTLINE SPECIAL, SIMILAR TO THE GUN WYATT RECEIVED FROM NED BUNTLINE.

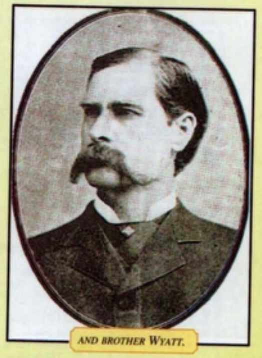


VIRGIL EARP IN 1881

JAMES EARP, 1881



MORGAN EARP, 1881



AND BROTHER WYATT.

The following morning Frank McLowery and Billy Clanton rode in to collect a payment owed for beef at Bauer's Union Market. When Frank heard what had been going on he was furious, but Billy, who was just nineteen, urged that they all get out of town.

The Earps' fear of exposure, however, had simmered for months. Now it boiled over. Here, at a stroke, they could rid themselves of the only witnesses able to tie them in with the Kinnear stage shoot-up. It was a chance not to be missed.

By early afternoon the Clantons and McLowerys had completed their business and were finishing loading their wagon at the livery by the corral. As they prepared to ride out, Wyatt, Virgil, Jim and Morgan approached along Fremont Street armed with revolvers. Doc Holliday walked alongside carrying a shotgun.

Virgil had hastily deputised the whole bunch!

As the Earp party spread out, Virgil called, "Throw up your hands." Seeing what was coming, Ike Clanton ran forward shouting, "No!" and grabbed Wyatt's arm. Wyatt shook him off, and in that explosive second Holliday and the Earps opened fire. Ike scrambled clear and fled for his life into a nearby photographic gallery. Only Frank McLowery and Billy Clanton had been armed, but their hands were in the air when the fusillade struck.

The shooting lasted thirty seconds.

Frank and his brother Tom were killed outright. Billy Clanton, shot through the right wrist, was on his knees when he drew his revolver. Shifting the gun to his good hand he fired back, managing to wing Virgil and Morgan before being shot dead.

The next day the bodies of the three men, resting in silver-trimmed caskets, were displayed in the window of a hardware store. Above them hung a handpainted sign: MURDERED ON THE STREETS OF TOMBSTONE.

It was Wyatt Earp's finest hour.

Virgil was suspended from duty three days later and warrants were issued for the arrest of the Earps and Holliday on charges of murder. The hearing, conducted before Judge Wells Spicer, lasted two months. On December 1, all four were exonerated, "There being no cause to believe the defendants guilty of the said offence."

Doubtless it helped that Judge Wells Spicer was a close friend of the Earps. It was Spicer who had released Doc Holliday after the Kinnear stage shooting on the grounds of "insufficient evidence."

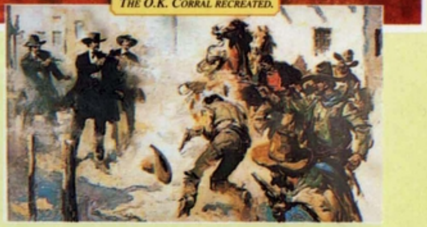
In revenge attacks, Virgil was shotgunned by an unknown assailant on December 28 as he left the Oriental Saloon. Though seriously wounded he survived. In March 1882 Morgan was shot in the back while playing billiards at Hatch's Saloon. He died a short time later.

It was time for the Earps to move.

In the years that followed Wyatt operated saloons in Alaska, San Diego, Nevada and Idaho before settling down in Los Angeles. He never forgot his glorious past and penned articles like 'How I Routed A Gang Of Arizona Outlaws' for various newspapers; creating the fiction of Wyatt Earp as hero.

He spent his last years searching for a biographer to publicise his life, and found one in Stuart Lake. Five months later, in January 1929, he died aged eighty.

Wyatt Earp created the fiction Lake was to perpetuate, dying as he had lived – an opportunist and a fraud.



THE O.K. CORRAL RECREATED.

TRIGGERNOMETRY

The Wild West was a dangerous place for a man with a reputation. Everybody wanted to be the next great gunfighter, the man who shot Hickok or Billy The Kid. But for the men with the names, gunslinging was more than just making a rep for themselves, it was a way of life. ALEX KERNAGHAN took the last stage to Dodge City to call out the great American gunfighters . . .

WYATT EARP

◆

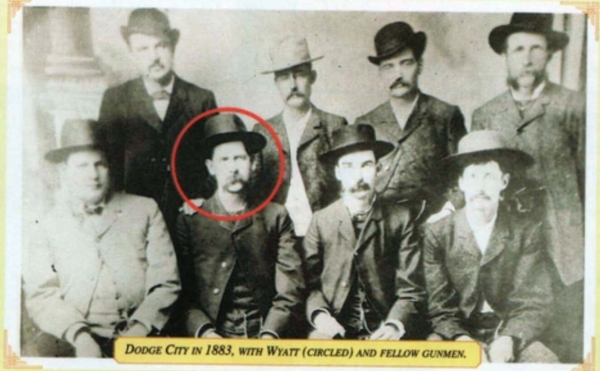
According to writer Thomas Penfield, Wyatt Earp was, "The marshal who never walked away from a fight." Other notables like Walter Noble Burns referred to the Earp brothers as, "Knights of the Golden West," while even noted historian Paul I. Wellman assured us that the Earp brothers were indeed peace officers who saved Tombstone from a malevolent horde of desperados.

After Stuart N. Lake's 'authentic' biography, Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal, appeared in 1931, hundreds of pulps and dime novels flooded the book stores, to be followed by radio serials, a national TV series (with leathery Hugh O'Brien) and movies like Gunfight At The O.K Corral.

Earp had earned, in his biographer's words, "Frontier-wide recognition as the most proficient peace officer and greatest gun fighting marshal the Old West knew. Wyatt Earp," Lake told us, "was a man of action."

More accurately, Wyatt Earp was a man of fiction.

Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp was born in Kentucky in 1848, one of a large clannish family of ten.



DODGE CITY IN 1883, WITH WYATT (CIRCLED) AND FELLOW GUNMEN.

His father, Nicholas Porter Earp, was a restless pioneer never content to plant his feet under the table for long. In 1881 the family shunted west across the Mississippi to Iowa, where they remained for three years. In May 1884 they joined up with a wagon train bound for California by way of the Great Plains, a journey that was to take seven gruelling months. Over the next couple of years most of the six Earp boys went their own way, though only the oldest, Newton, was destined to stay out of trouble.

In 1870, Newton was living in Lamar, Missouri with his wife and children when Wyatt hit town. Wyatt had been working as a farm labourer and stage driver. Now he learned of Newton's candidature for the post of town marshal and promptly put his own name forward. Eleven years his brother's junior, Wyatt was duly elected by a vote of 137 to Newton's 108. Angry at his brother's opportunism Newton pulled stakes and headed for Kansas.

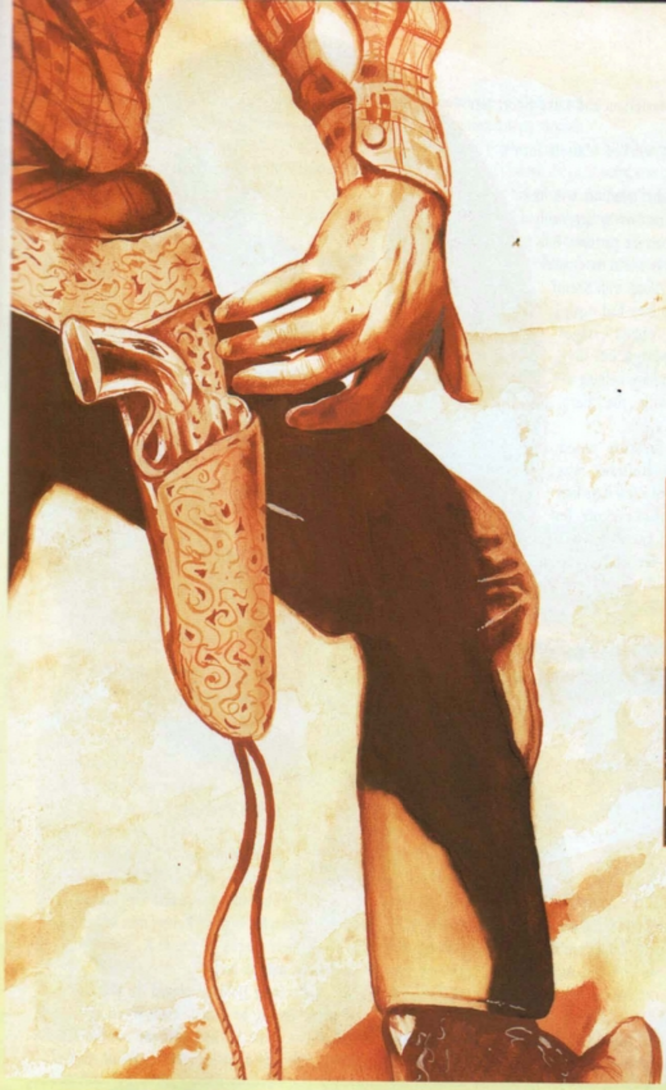
Wyatt wasn't far behind. He stayed in Lamar only long enough to marry his first wife Urilla Sutherland, who died a few months later. After a rancourous exchange with Urilla's brothers Wyatt left Missouri and moved to Kansas. It was during this period – the early 1870s – that he later claimed to have "cleaned up" on badmen, fought Indians and, in 1873, forced a public showdown with one of the West's most notorious gunmen, Ben Thompson.

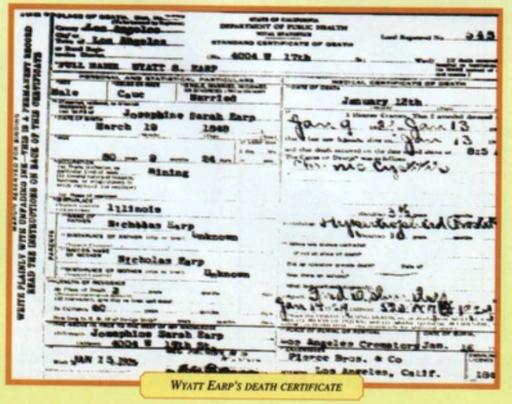
In fact he did none of these things. Wyatt was too fond of his own hide to risk facing the likes of Ben Thompson. What he did do was hunt buffalo for Government survey teams, then drift on to Wichita. According to legend he became deputy marshal there, taming the town and ridding it of Wes Hardin and Wild Bill Longley – unlikely events since neither Hardin nor Longley were there at the time.

Earp was made a Wichita policeman on April 21 1875, but that's as near as he got to deputy marshal. In his capacity as town constable he had cause to arrest Melvin King, a rowdy hard-drinking corporal on leave. With two officers at his back armed with shotguns Earp pistol-whipped King until the man was: "as bloody as a stabbed hog."

Under such circumstances Wyatt Earp was indeed a man who would not walk away from a fight!

A year later Earp was sacked after he himself had been arrested for 'violation of the peace,' and was ordered to leave town. He moved to Dodge City where he again served as a policeman, before being made an assistant marshal on May 12 1878. Dressed in black frock coat, stiff-brimmed hat and with black trousers tucked into fancy boots, he looked more like a professional gambler. In fact he augmented his $75 a month salary cardsharping at saloons like the Alhambra and the Oriental, where he soon became known to regular punters as a cheat and a liar.





STATE OF CALIFORNIA
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH
VITAL STATISTICS
STANDARD CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

Los Angeles
Los Angeles
4004 W 17th
FULL NAME WYATT S. EARP
Male
Cauc
Married
January 12th
Josephine Sarah Earp
March 19 1848
80 2 24
Mining
Illinois
Nicholas Earp
Unknown
Nicholas Earp
Unknown
Josephine Sarah Earp
4004 W 17th St.
JAN 13 1929
Los Angeles Crematory Jan. 15
Pierce Bros. & Co
Los Angeles, Calif.

WYATT EARP'S DEATH CERTIFICATE

It was also around this time that he met up with his favourite crony, John Henry `Doc' Holliday. Holliday had developed pulmonary tuberculosis while studying dentistry in Baltimore. He moved to the drier, thinner atmosphere of Dallas, Texas where he took up gambling as a profession and hard drinking as recreation. By the time he arrived in Dodge in 1878, pale and wasted, he was an accomplished gambler and an inveterate alcoholic.

In 1870, news of the rich strikes at Goose-Flat, Arizona (quickly renamed Tombstone as the camp swelled to a town) swept the country like wildfire. For Wyatt the lure was irresistible. He wrote to his brothers, and in December that year met up with Virgil, Morgan, and Jim in Tombstone. Doc Holliday tailed along.

THE 'SECOND CLASS SALOON' WYATT OWNED IN 1899

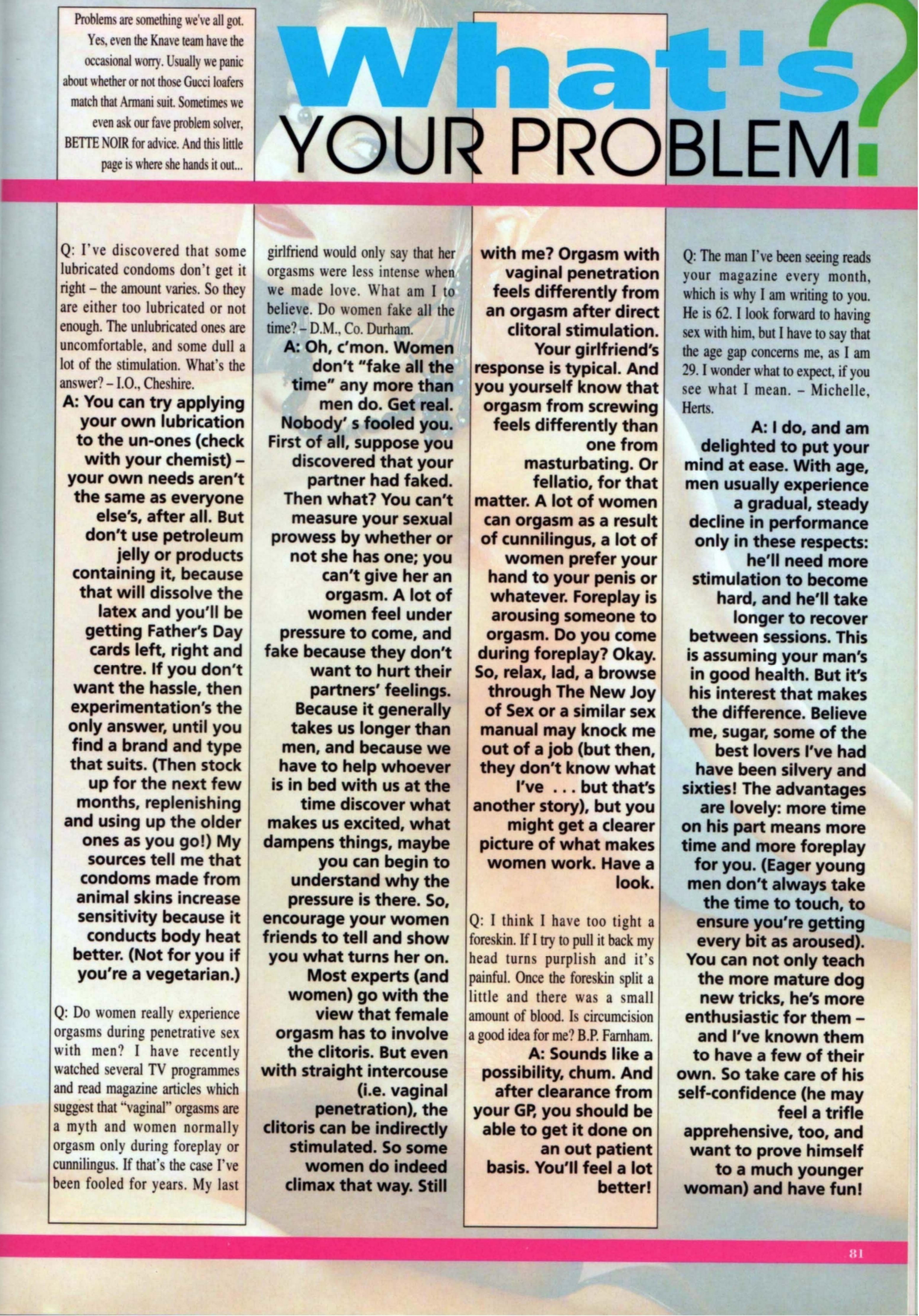
DOC HOLLIDAY, THE TB KILLER

While sizing up the town, Wyatt fell in with the local Wells Fargo agent, marshall Williams, a man who was to prove an invaluable contact. Through Williams, Wyatt secured a job riding shotgun for the company stage while his brothers searched for whatever work they could find.

A few months later Wyatt persuaded Williams and a prominent businessman to 'arrange' that he be made deputy sheriff. The badge gave Wyatt the authority and swaggering sense of self-importance he would always crave – along with a respectable facade.

The position proved lucrative. In addition to his pay Wyatt kept a percentage of the taxes he collected, along with a rake-off from the town prostitutes. A few months later, however, he was suddenly sacked by the County sheriff and replaced by John H. Behan, a man no more honest than Earp himself.

Disgruntled, Wyatt threw in with the owner of the



Problems are something we've all got. Yes, even the Knave team have the occasional worry. Usually we panic about whether or not those Gucci loafers match that Armani suit. Sometimes we even ask our fave problem solver, BETTE NOIR for advice. And this little page is where she hands it out...

What's YOUR PROBLEM?

Q: I've discovered that some lubricated condoms don't get it right – the amount varies. So they are either too lubricated or not enough. The unlubricated ones are uncomfortable, and some dull a lot of the stimulation. What's the answer? – I.O., Cheshire.

A: You can try applying your own lubrication to the un-ones (check with your chemist) – your own needs aren't the same as everyone else's, after all. But don't use petroleum jelly or products containing it, because that will dissolve the latex and you'll be getting Father's Day cards left, right and centre. If you don't want the hassle, then experimentation's the only answer, until you find a brand and type that suits. (Then stock up for the next few months, replenishing and using up the older ones as you go!) My sources tell me that condoms made from animal skins increase sensitivity because it conducts body heat better. (Not for you if you're a vegetarian.)

Q: Do women really experience orgasms during penetrative sex with men? I have recently watched several TV programmes and read magazine articles which suggest that "vaginal" orgasms are a myth and women normally orgasm only during foreplay or cunnilingus. If that's the case I've been fooled for years. My last girlfriend would only say that her orgasms were less intense when we made love. What am I to believe. Do women fake all the time? – D.M., Co. Durham.

A: Oh, c'mon. Women don't "fake all the time" any more than men do. Get real. Nobody' s fooled you. First of all, suppose you discovered that your partner had faked. Then what? You can't measure your sexual prowess by whether or not she has one; you can't give her an orgasm. A lot of women feel under pressure to come, and fake because they don't want to hurt their partners' feelings. Because it generally takes us longer than men, and because we have to help whoever is in bed with us at the time discover what makes us excited, what dampens things, maybe you can begin to understand why the pressure is there. So, encourage your women friends to tell and show you what turns her on. Most experts (and women) go with the view that female orgasm has to involve the clitoris. But even with straight intercouse (i.e. vaginal penetration), the clitoris can be indirectly stimulated. So some women do indeed climax that way. Still with me? Orgasm with vaginal penetration feels differently from an orgasm after direct clitoral stimulation. Your girlfriend's response is typical. And you yourself know that orgasm from screwing feels differently than one from masturbating. Or fellatio, for that matter. A lot of women can orgasm as a result of cunnilingus, a lot of women prefer your hand to your penis or whatever. Foreplay is arousing someone to orgasm. Do you come during foreplay? Okay. So, relax, lad, a browse through The New Joy of Sex or a similar sex manual may knock me out of a job (but then, they don't know what I've . . . but that's another story), but you might get a clearer picture of what makes women work. Have a look.

Q: I think I have too tight a foreskin. If I try to pull it back my head turns purplish and it's painful. Once the foreskin split a little and there was a small amount of blood. Is circumcision a good idea for me? B.P. Farnham.

A: Sounds like a possibility, chum. And after clearance from your GP, you should be able to get it done on an out patient basis. You'll feel a lot better!

Q: The man I've been seeing reads your magazine every month, which is why I am writing to you. He is 62. I look forward to having sex with him, but I have to say that the age gap concerns me, as I am 29. I wonder what to expect, if you see what I mean. – Michelle, Herts.

A: I do, and am delighted to put your mind at ease. With age, men usually experience a gradual, steady decline in performance only in these respects: he'll need more stimulation to become hard, and he'll take longer to recover between sessions. This is assuming your man's in good health. But it's his interest that makes the difference. Believe me, sugar, some of the best lovers I've had have been silvery and sixties! The advantages are lovely: more time on his part means more time and more foreplay for you. (Eager young men don't always take the time to touch, to ensure you're getting every bit as aroused). You can not only teach the more mature dog new tricks, he's more enthusiastic for them – and I've known them to have a few of their own. So take care of his self-confidence (he may feel a trifle apprehensive, too, and want to prove himself to a much younger woman) and have fun!

CRIME & PUNISHMENT

The missing MONA LISA

Mona Lisa. She might not be the best looking girl in the world, but she's certainly one of the most famous. But who would want to look at her enigmatic smile all day? Well, millions of visitors to the Louvre, for a start, plus the man who stole her. GEOFFREY HUMPHRYS takes a look at a one man job which had French police stumped...

The smile on the face of Leonardo da Vinci's world famous portrait of the Mona Lisa is often described as enigmatic, puzzling and ambiguous. Each of these words might be used to describe what happened when the painting was stolen from the Louvre in Paris on Monday, 21 August 1911.

Leonardo's masterpiece had been in the Louvre since 1804. It is a portrait of the young wife of a Florence merchant, Francesco del Gioconda, the reason it is sometimes call La Gioconda. Leonardo began the painting in 1502 on white poplar wood, not canvas. It took him four years to complete, but is neither signed nor dated. No record of the commission or any payment made to Leonardo was ever found. All of which helps support the theory that the painting admired by hundred of thousands of visitors every year might be only a clever fake.

Today, the painting is secured behind bullet-proof glass, protected by a technological maze of unseen, highly sophisticated security devices. It would seem impossible that it could be stolen. Such were the feelings throughout France prior to the announcement of the most coolly executed art theft of all time.

In an ornate frame, the 77cm x 53cm painting was enclosed in a thick glass-fronted box, guarded by a security force of over a 100 men. Throughout the fateful Monday, the painting and its box were missing, only the four iron hooks by which it hung remained on the wall. Yet incredibly, no alarm was raised.

The lack of concern was due to the Louvre being closed to the public every Monday. The security force was reduced, but a large staff of cleaners and maintenance workers were always present. Anyone who noticed the blank space assumed the painting had been removed for routine photographing or cleaning.

Not until eleven o'clock the following morning, upon the insistence of an artist waiting to copy the painting, were any earnest inquiries made. Only then did it penetrate that the masterpiece might have been stolen.

> *"It seemed to France that the Mona Lisa had gone forever."*

After an unsuccessful search of the building the missing picture was officially reported. This brought the Prefect of the Paris police to the scene, together with sixty police officers. They immediately closed the Louvre and carried out a search, finding an empty picture frame and protective box hidden under a staircase near an exit door. This confirmed that the Mona Lisa had disappeared, and whoever stole it had a day's start in escaping arrest.

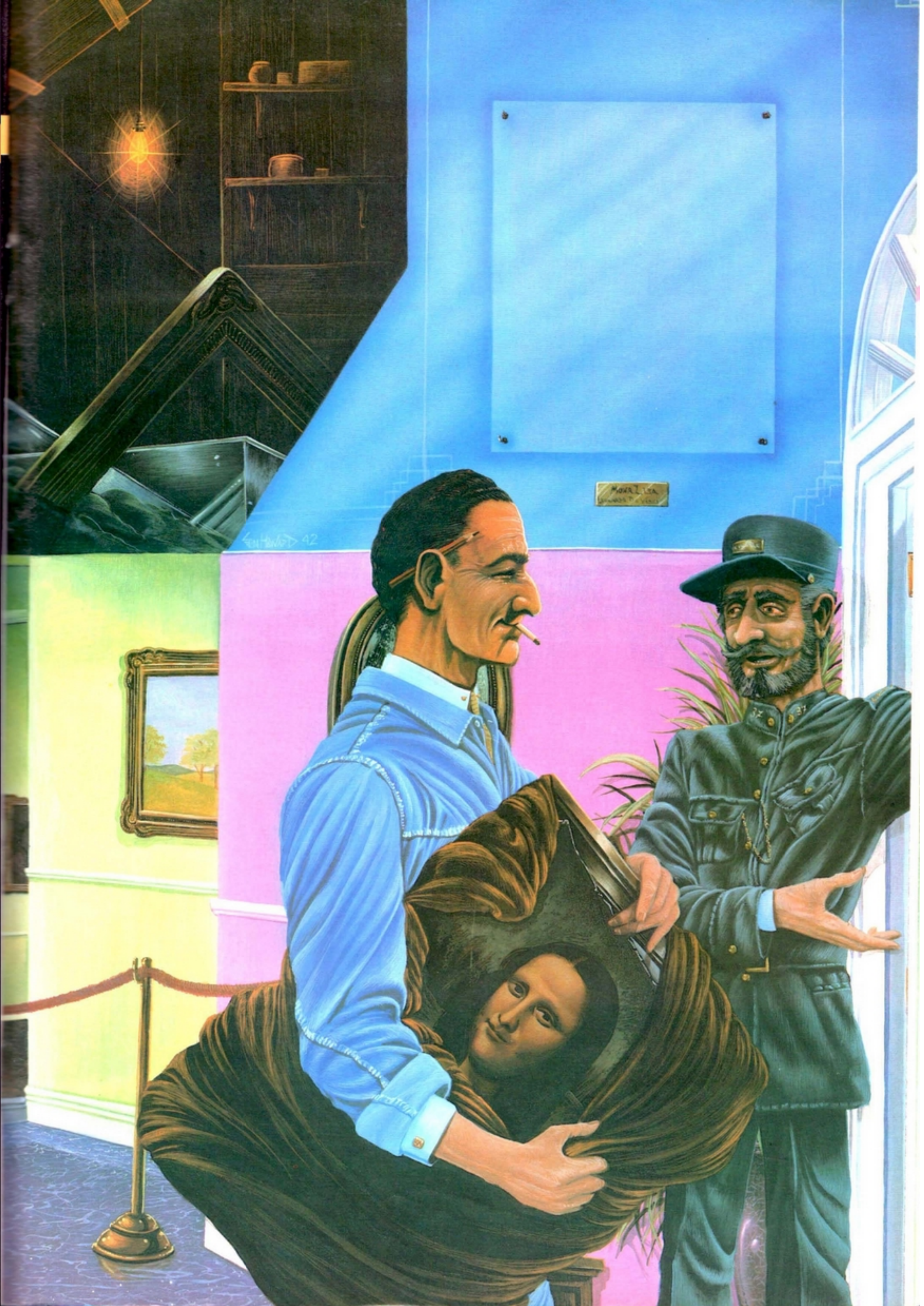
When the news broke, journalists from all over the world flocked to Paris. Stories about the security lapses and subsequent failure of the police to make an arrest soon produced banner headlines. The whole of France was scandalised.

The police had several leads, the most hopeful being a fingerprint on the discarded frame. All the Louvre staff, former employees and outside contractors were fingerprinted without finding a match. Every line of inquiry came to a dead end. Many Louvre employees were dismissed, its Director, then the Fine Arts Minister, was forced to resign.

The space which once reflected the Mona Lisa smile remained blank for fifteen months, but as outrage cooled, a Raphael painting was hung in its place. Inquiries went on throughout 1912 and 1913. Rigorous checks of trains, aircraft and ocean-going liners were carried out, and reported 'sightings' of the Mona Lisa in different parts of the world thoroughly investigated. All to no avail. It seemed to France that the Mona Lisa had gone forever.

Worldwide investigations ended when in November 1913, Florence art dealer Alfredo Geri received a letter from a Paris box number, stating the sender had the genuine Mona Lisa and wanted to sell it back to Italy for 500,000 lira.

Excited but sceptical, Geri contacted leading Florence art



authority Giovanni Poggi, director of the Uffizi Gallery. Although suspecting the letter as most likely a hoax, they thought it necessary to reply. As a result, much to their surprise, the unknown person in Paris agreed to bring the painting to Florence. The meeting took place and Vincenzo Peruggia, an Italian carpenter in his early thirties, presented himself. He claimed to have stolen the Mona Lisa so it could be returned to Florence, where it was painted. He explained that having worked on fitting the protective box in the Louvre, he knew the Monday closure routine. This had enabled him to walk into the Louvre dressed in overalls, take down the protective box, remove the painting, hide the frame and box, then stroll out with the painting under his overalls, without being questioned. He had then kept the painting in the false bottom of a trunk at his lodgings, only a few hundred metres from the Louvre. It sounded incredible in view of the massive police operations in and around the area for so long.

"To their amazement, he produced the missing Mona Lisa from a wooden trunk under his bed."

Up to this time, only Guillaume Apollinaire, darling of the Paris modern art world, had been arrested during the many inquiries. He, together with young Pablo Picasso, then an unknown artist, were accused of receiving carvings from the Louvre. Initially, they were regarded as part of an international gang stealing various art treasures from Paris museums, but after surrendering the carvings, both were released.

When promised money, Peruggia took the two art experts to his hotel room, and to their amazement, produced the missing Mona Lisa from a wooden trunk under his bed. Poggi tipped off the police and Peruggia was arrested. The Italian police took charge of the painting. After more experts confirmed it as the missing Leonardo portrait, the Italian government returned it to the Louvre. Meanwhile, Peruggia remained in custody, the Florence police convinced that he had not masterminded the theft. During one of many interrogations, he implicated two other Italians, the Lancelotti brothers. They were arrested in Paris, but Peruggia retracted his testimony and they had to be released through lack of evidence against them.

"Some still believe that the exhibited Mona Lisa portrait in the Louvre is no more than a clever fake."

In Peruggia's Paris lodgings a diary was found containing a list of several wealthy art collectors, including John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie. This suggested that either Peruggia, or whoever might have hired him to steal the painting, had made overtures to people likely to be interested in buying it. Further inquiries were in process when in June 1914, Vincenzo Peruggia was pronounced mentally unstable by a Florence tribunal and detained for a year and 15 days. His solicitor appealed against his sentence and it was reduced to 7 1/2 months. As he had been in custody since December 1913, he was released in July 1914.

Peruggia denied having approached anyone other than Alfredo Geri in Florence, to sell the Mona Lisa. But throughout the 1920's several criminals claimed involvement in the Mona Lisa theft. Gabriele d'Annunzio, a well-known underworld figure, boasted that he masterminded the whole operation and used Peruggia as his stooge. Peruggia denied this and all other underworld claims.

In 1926, the *New York Times* published a story claiming the Louvre painting must be a fake, as Leonardo's original had been traced to the basement premises of Edouard Jonas, a Paris art dealer. At first Jonas confirmed the story, but when threatened with being charged as an accomplice to the theft, stated that his painting was perhaps not the Leonardo portrait, but the two pictures were identical in size, colouring and every detail.

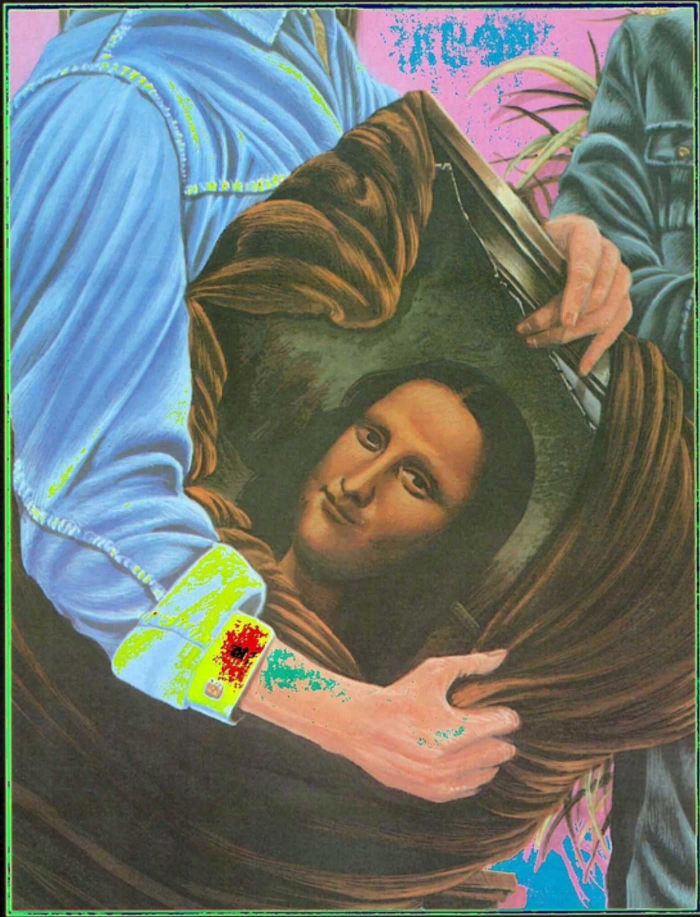
When an international crook known as the Marques de Valfierno died in 1931, the most plausible Mona Lisa theft explanation emerged. Valfierno was supposed to have confessed everything to an American friend, but sworn him to secrecy during his lifetime. According to this testimony, at the turn of century, Valfierno had a thriving business selling fake copies of various old masters to wealthy collectors around the world. His partner in crime was expert copy artist, Yves Chauldron.

Valfierno claimed that he conceived the idea of stealing the genuine Mona Lisa, but first had Chauldron spend many months in the Louvre making six perfect copies of the portrait, each of which could be passed off as the original. The artist set about his task in painstaking detail, using only pigments known to have been used by Leonardo, and when each was completed, inserting the fine hairline cracks which appear on almost all old painted surfaces.

Meanwhile, the Marques searched for a workman who knew the layout of the gallery containing the Mona Lisa. He found Peruggia and made detailed plans for him with two accomplices pretending to be maintenance men, to remove the box, cut the Mona Lisa painting from its frame, slip it under Peruggia's white overall, then make their getaway. Peruggia was given instructions to hide the painting and do nothing until contacted.

Once the news of the theft had circulated worldwide, Marques de Valfierno went to New York and approached six wealthy art collectors – five in North America and one in Brazil. To each one he said, "You have obviously heard about the theft of the Mona Lisa from the Louvre in Paris. I can obtain it for you at a bargain price, if you are interested."

It was a ploy that could not fail, even though it would only give the individual collector the opportunity to gloat over the possession in private, each thinking they had purchased the genuine article. Once they parted with their money, they were liable to be charged as accomplices to the theft. Even if they later suspected that they had been conned, they were unlikely to admit it.



Within a few months, Valfierno changed his name and retreated to buy a luxury home in North Africa, having made over two million dollars from the six forgeries. Peruggia was left in Paris holding the genuine Leonardo painting, waiting for instructions that never arrived.

Believers of this version of the theft consider that it took the simple-minded Italian carpenter two years to realise that he too had been conned, then try to make some money out of the robbery on his own behalf. He bungled this by giving his motive as a desire to return the Leonardo painting to Florence, never mentioning Marques de Valfierno because he wanted to enjoy the notoriety of being responsible for the theft that shocked the world.

When all this was revealed in 1931, Peruggia would neither confirm, nor deny any association with Valfierno. Then, in 1933, the Sunday Express ran a story headlined, "Man who stole the Mona Lisa claims painting in the Louvre is a fake."

This was British conman, Jack Dean's version of the theft. He admitted that he assisted Peruggia in stealing and hiding the painting, but later substituted the genuine painting for a clever fake, which was what Peruggia took to Florence. After which Dean reckoned that he sold the original as an excellent copy to a Paris art dealer. This was never substantiated and Peruggia denied even knowing Jack Dean.

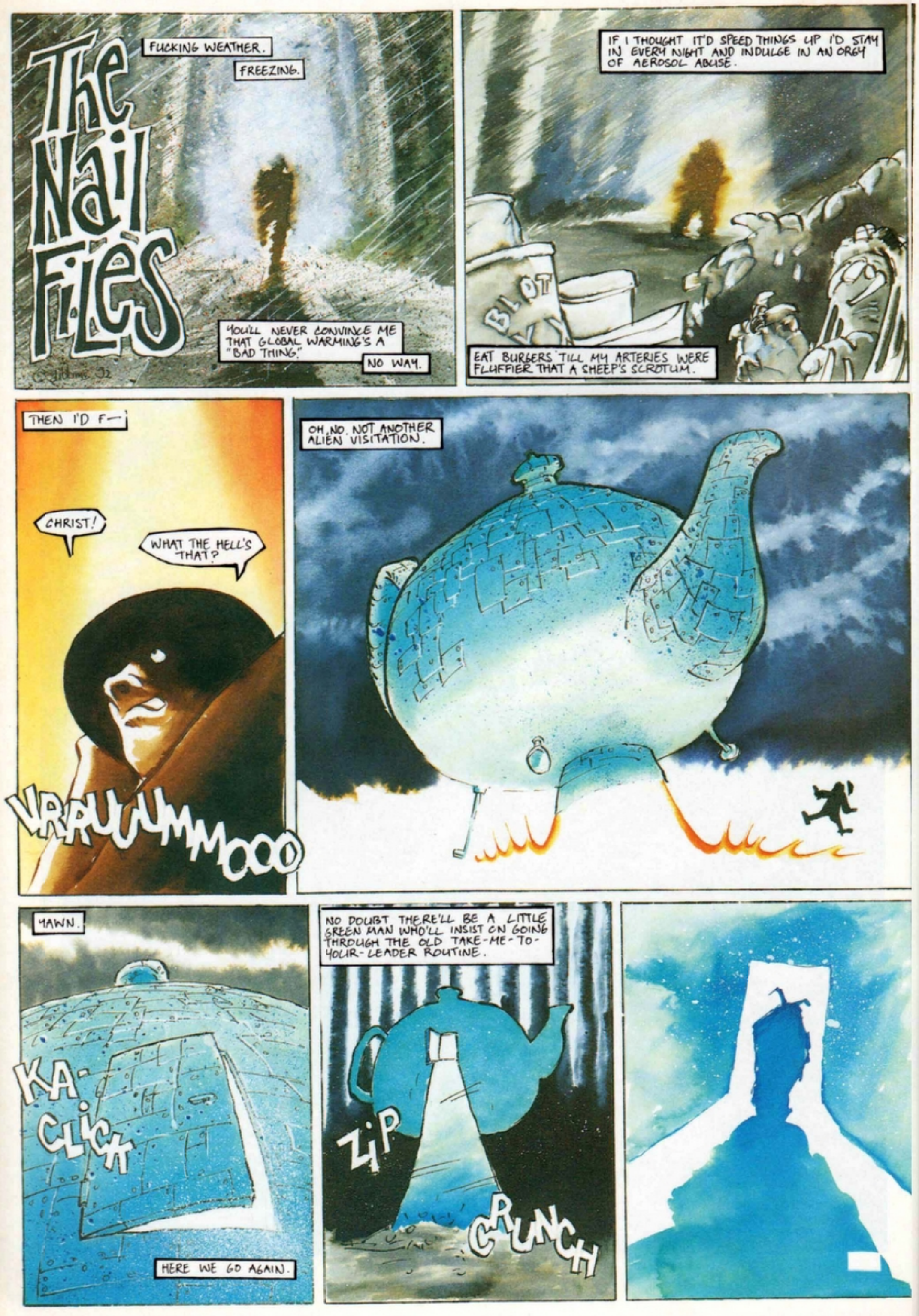
Nothing more emerged before Vincenzo Peruggia died in 1947. He left no fresh information, so took to his grave the secret of whether he planned the theft of the world's most famous painting or was just a hireling left holding the priceless baby.

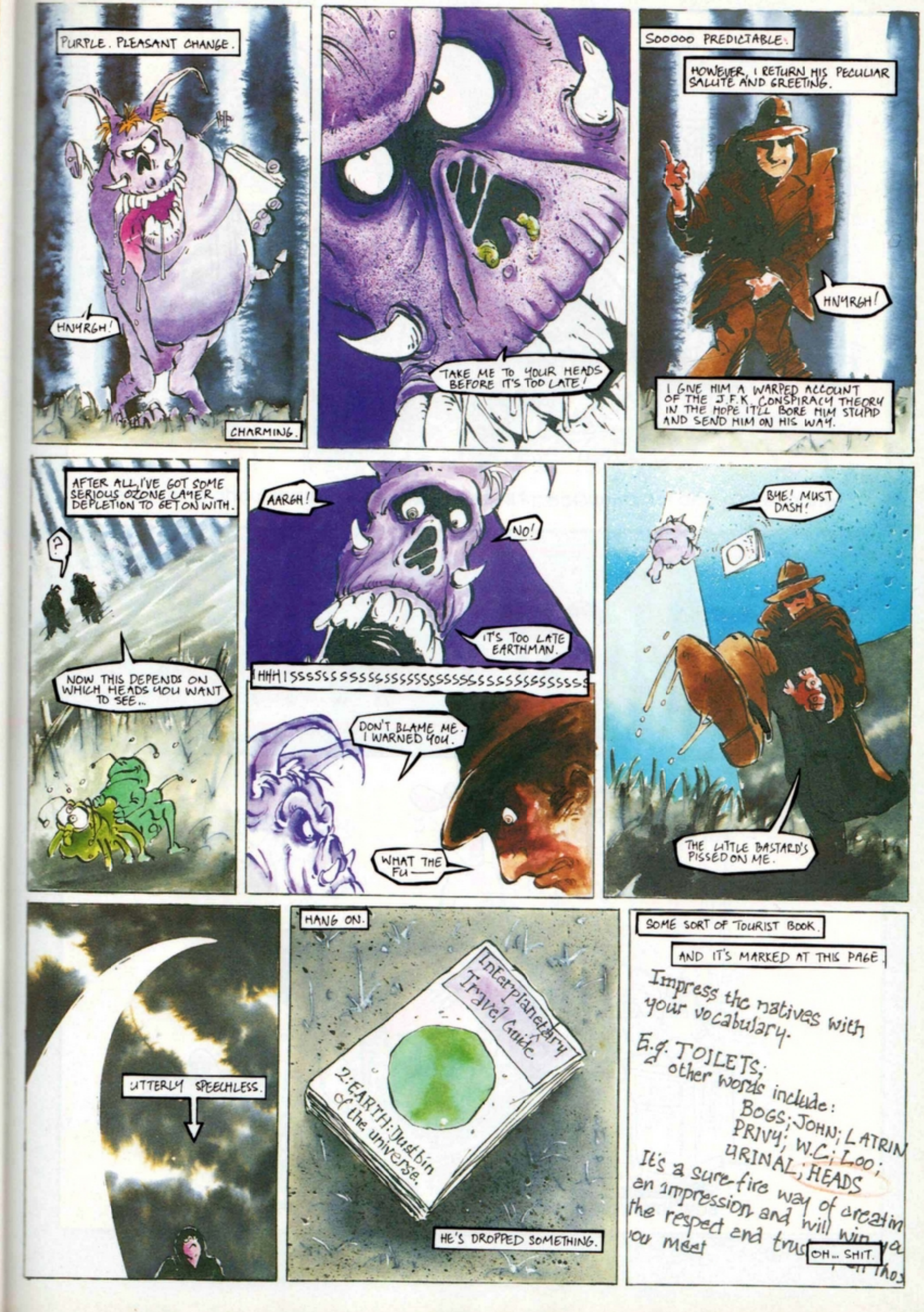
Many considered this the end of the Mona Lisa saga, but two years later in Houston, Texas, Marquis Donald D'Orley exhibited what he claimed to be the genuine Mona Lisa. Mme Faillant-Dumas, a Louvre official, disputed the claim by stating, "The painting in the Louvre represents perfection of technique. No artist begins to equal Leonardo."

A New York art gallery owner responded with, "I can name you fifty artists who could make excellent copies of the Mona Lisa down to the last brush stroke."

Seymour Reit wrote a book about what happened to the Mona Lisa after it was stolen. In it he advanced the theory that Leonardo painted two Mona Lisa portraits. One, he says, is in the Louvre, the other in a bank vault in New Jersey.

In spite of carbon-dating tests, X-rays, micro-chemical analyses and protestations of Louvre officials, some still believe that the exhibited Mona Lisa portrait in the Louvre is no more than a clever fake.


The Nail Files
FUCKING WEATHER.
FREEZING.
YOU'LL NEVER CONVINCE ME THAT GLOBAL WARMING'S A "BAD THING."
NO WAY.
IF I THOUGHT IT'D SPEED THINGS UP I'D STAY IN EVERY NIGHT AND INDULGE IN AN ORGY OF AEROSOL ABUSE.
BLOT
EAT BURGERS 'TILL MY ARTERIES WERE FLUFFIER THAT A SHEEP'S SCROTUM.
THEN I'D F—
CHRIST!
WHAT THE HELL'S THAT?
VRRUUUMMOOO
OH, NO. NOT ANOTHER ALIEN VISITATION.
YAWN.
KA-CLICK
HERE WE GO AGAIN.
NO DOUBT THERE'LL BE A LITTLE GREEN MAN WHO'LL INSIST ON GOING THROUGH THE OLD TAKE-ME-TO-YOUR-LEADER ROUTINE.
ZIP
CRUNCH


PURPLE. PLEASANT CHANGE.
HNYRGH!
CHARMING.
TAKE ME TO YOUR HEADS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
SOOOOO PREDICTABLE.
HOWEVER, I RETURN HIS PECULIAR SALUTE AND GREETING.
HNYRGH!
I GIVE HIM A WARPED ACCOUNT OF THE J.F.K. CONSPIRACY THEORY IN THE HOPE IT'LL BORE HIM STUPID AND SEND HIM ON HIS WAY.
AFTER ALL I'VE GOT SOME SERIOUS OZONE LAYER DEPLETION TO GET ON WITH.
?
NOW THIS DEPENDS ON WHICH HEADS YOU WANT TO SEE...
AARGH!
NO!
IT'S TOO LATE EARTHMAN.
HHHISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
DON'T BLAME ME. I WARNED YOU.
WHAT THE FU—
BYE! MUST DASH!
THE LITTLE BASTARD'S PISSED ON ME.
UTTERLY SPEECHLESS.
HANG ON.
Interplanetary Travel Guide.
2: EARTH: Dustbin of the universe.
HE'S DROPPED SOMETHING.
SOME SORT OF TOURIST BOOK.
AND IT'S MARKED AT THIS PAGE.
Impress the natives with your vocabulary.
E.g. TOILETS; other words include: BOGS; JOHN; LATRIN PRIVY; W.C.; LOO; URINAL; HEADS
It's a sure-fire way of creatin an impression and will win yo the respect and trus all thos you meet
OH... SHIT.

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KNAVE

Volume 24Number 10

BREAST FRIENDS!

Make yourself a couple of new friends in next month's issue, as Sally digs out her whoppers for us!

Aside from her obvious attractions, Knave Volume 24 Number 10 is packed with goodies, from the first ever Cannes Blue Movie awards, to an incredible interview with sex queen Sarah Young, who tells all about life in the porn world. Add to these a feature on the possibilities of Virtual Reality, a look at actor George Raft's mob connections and you know Knave is way out in front. And we're not just talking about Sally and the nine other gorgeous girls in next month's issue!

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Volume 24 No. 10

HITS SHELVES NEAR YOU FROM 25TH SEPTEMBER.

PENPOWER PLUS

◆59

"Yes, you're very attractive," I boldly replied.

She leapt up and stripped off her dress, tights and panties before unclipping a lacy bra to leave her naked and very desirable, right in front of my eyes. I stood up to open my shirt and 'Madam' quickly knelt down to tug and lower my jeans and briefs to sample my cock around her lips and greedy mouth. "Mmm, nice, big cock, suckee, suckee," she moaned as she slurped even harder and deeper, grabbing my thighs and buttocks as I watched her blow me hard.

After I'd let her suck me for a while, I told her I wanted to screw her on the settee, where we assumed the doggy position and I began to shag her good and hard, my hands reaching under her for a feel of her swaying tits and tickling her nipples. "Hump me, harder," she bawled, as her bum cheeks lashed back to swallow my cock up her pussy hole. "Come on, shoot it baby, shoot it up me," she yelled. Crude for a very refined lady, supposedly! I hammered on and managed to spray my hot wad, deep inside her like never before. "Ooh, that's nice, very warm, very sexy," she moaned sexily. "Let's lie down and feel each other," she purred and rubbed my sticky tool in her enclosed hand.

For the next hour we just tickled and played with each other, naked on her settee. I managed to please her again and she told me her husband had become a real bore lately, so she preferred to screw with 'a young bit on the side'.

Naturally, I hope she calls me again soon, so I can give her a good screwing.

- A.J., N.West.

Luv Sexy

I am writing to beg you to print more pictures of what must be the sexiest and definitely cutest girl your mag has ever featured.

The girl I am lusting over was featured in volume 24, number 3 and went under the name Justine. She was photographed by some exceptionally lucky bastard called Jack Harrison. To me, the thought of someone getting to take pictures of a Love Goddess and then getting paid for it is sickening!!!

Anyway, please, please, please bring her back. In fact, how about putting her on the cover? How about featuring her in a centre spread dressed in a tight red mini skirt with red high heels to match? You have to admit, it's a mouth watering thought!

One more thing, how about giving us more info on the girls you feature, like full names, age, marital status, area they live in and their telephone numbers, if you're feeling really generous – ha, ha!

- Mark, Plymouth.

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